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THE CHICAGO RECORD offers to authors the sum of \$30,000 for original stories written in English, no parts of which have ever been heretofore published. The offer is made upon the following conditions:

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will be paid in twelve cash prizes for the best twelve stories. The money will be divided as follows:

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| First Prize | - | - | \$10,000 |
| Second Prize | - | - | 3,000 |
| Third Prize | - | - | 1,500 |
| Fourth Prize | - | - | 1,000 |
| Fifth Prize | - | - | 800 |
| Two Prizes of \$600 each | | | 1,200 |
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\$10,000

additional will be paid at space rates for stories of accepted value but which may not be awarded any of the twelve cash prizes.

The stories submitted in this competition are required to be "stories of mystery," in other words stories in which the mystery is not explained until the last chapter, in order that readers may be offered prizes for guessing the solution of the mystery in advance of its publication.

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For full information authors will address

VICTOR F. LAWSON, Publisher *The Chicago Record*,
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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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TO AN OLD VIOLIN.

COULD it but speak, what strange and
moving stories,
What tales of joy and grief, it would un-
fold,

Of faded beauty and forgotten glories,
Of love and sorrow in the days of old !

Perchance it played the grave and stately
measure

While powdered couples trod the minuet ;
Perhaps it was a beggar's only pleasure,
Or helped a prince his trouble to forget !

Ah, violin ! we dream and wonder vainly —
Time with the sweet June roses never
stays —

The past is dead ; we cannot learn more
plainly

The buried history of forgotten days.

Yet, as a faint and odorous sweetness lingers

With faded petals, though their bloom
be fled —

So, charmed anew by sympathetic fingers,
You bring a haunting memory of the
dead ;

So, as of old, you speak in tenderest
fashion,

Mellow with memories of unseen years,
To raise our minds from worldly care and
passion,

And stir the thoughts that lie so close to
tears.

ANTHONY C. DEANE.

Longman's Magazine.

SOME seek, O God ! the boon of death from
thee ;

I ask a gift more sorrowful than death,
I who have waited twice with bated
breath,

Yet tranquil, at Death's gate. All wearily
I waited, yet no voice called forth for me.

So silent I returned into the path

Of life. Now even as one that lingereth
Over some plan whose aim he could not
see

Erewhile, but now with spirit in it, longs
To accomplish ere the coming of the
night,

So I, amid the tumult and the strife
Of death and life, to which no task belongs,
Have found a lifework, even while the
light

Of life is flickering, and I pray for life.

L. MORRISON-GRANT.

A STAR CAN BE AS PERFECT AS A SUN.

BECAUSE you cannot be
An overhanging bow,
Whose promise all the world can see,
Why are you grieving so ?

A dewdrop holds the seven colors too ;
Can you not be a perfect drop of dew ?

Because you cannot be
Resplendent Sirius,
Whose shining all the world can see,
Why are you grieving thus ?

One tiny ray will reach out very far ;
Can you not be a perfect *little* star ?

The smallest, faintest star
That dots the Milky Way,
And sends one glimmer where you are
Gives forth a faultless ray ;

Learn then this lesson, oh, discouraged one !
A star can be as perfect as the sun.

JULIA H. MAY.

EXCELSIOR.

A *LITTLE* higher yet — until we're lifted
Above the obscuring clouds that dim our
sight :

Until our souls have through the darkness
drifted

Into God's marvellous light.

A little nearer — till earth's joys and sorrow
Far, far beneath us in the shadows lie,
And we have glimpses of the bright to-
morrow

That waits us in the sky.

A little higher yet — a little nearer,
Until at last a glorious crown is won,
Whilst, as we soar, sounds sweeter still,
and clearer,

"Servant of God, well done !"

Argosy.

WHATEVER evils Day hath done,
Whatever souls have suffered wrong,
Whatever woes the falling sun
Will leave to darkness to prolong ;

Thou art a dream of beauty, Even !
Thou art a dower to lonely eyes ;
Thou art an evanescent heaven
Descending through the languid skies.

Thou bringest rest to weary strife,
And tears to eyes that longed to weep ;
Thou bring'st a hush to weary life,
A calm that deepens on to sleep.

L. MORRISON-GRANT.

From The Contemporary Review.

SCOTTISH NATIONAL HUMOR.

No one can pass a lifetime among the people of our countryside without being made aware, in ways pleasant and the reverse, of the great amount of popular humor ever bubbling up from the heart of the common people. It is to them the salt of intercourse, the oil on the axles of their life. Not often does it reach the stage of being expressed in literary form. It is lost for the time being in the stir of farm-byres, in the cheerful talk of ingle-nooks. You can hear it being windily exchanged in the greetings of shepherds crying the one to the other across the valleys. It finds way in the observations of passing hinds as they meet on the way to mill, and kirk, and market.

For example, an artist is busy at his easel by the wayside. A rustic is looking over his shoulder in the free manner of the independent Scot. A brother rustic is in a field near by with his hands in his pockets. He is uncertain whether it is worth while to take the trouble to mount the dyke for the uncertain pleasure of looking at the picture. "What is he doing, Jock?" asks he in the field of his better situated mate. "Drawin' wi' pent!" returns Jock, over his shoulder. "Is 't bonny?" again asks the son of toil in the field. "OCHT BUT BONNY!" comes back the prompt and decided answer of the critic. Of considerations for the artist's feelings there is not a trace. Yet both of these rustics will appreciatively relate the incident on coming in from the field and washing themselves, with this rider: "An' he didna look over weel pleased, I can tell ye! Did he, Jock?"

This great body of popular humor first found its way into the channels of our historic literature mainly in the form of ballads and songs — often very free in taste and broad in expression, because they were struck from the rustic heart, and accordingly smelt of the farmyard where common things are called by their common names.

But in time these rose to higher strata in the poems of Lindsay, in some of Knox's prose — very grim and strong it is — and in Dunbar and Henrysoun, mixed in every case with strongly personal elements. Burns alone caught, and held the full force of it, for he was of the soil and grew up near to it. So that to all time he must remain the finest expression of almost all forms of Scottish feeling. As to prose, chap-books and pamphlets innumerable carried on the stream, which for the most part was conveyed underground, till, in the fulness of the time, Walter Scott came to give Scottish humor world-wide fame in the noble series of imaginative writings by which he set his native land beside the England of William Shakespeare.

Scott was the first great literary gardener of our old national stock of humor, and right widely he gathered, as those know who have striven to follow in his trail. Hardly a chap-book but he has been through — hardly a generation of our national history that he has not touched and adorned. Yet because Scotland is a wide place, and Scottish humor also in every sense broad, no future humorist need feel straitened within their ample bounds.

Of all the cherished delusions of the inhabitant of the southern part of Great Britain with regard to his northern brother, the most astonishing is the belief that the Scot is destitute of humor. Other delusions may be dissipated by a tourist ticket and the ascent of Ben Nevis — such as that, north of the Tweed, we dress solely in the kilt — which we do not, at least, during the day; that we support life solely upon haggis and the product of the national distilleries; that the professors of Edinburgh University, being "panged fu' o' lear," communicate the same to their students in the purest Gaelic — a thing which, though not altogether unprecedented, is, I am told, considered somewhat informal by the Senatus.

These may be taken as examples of the grosser delusions which leap to the eye, and are received upon the ear as often as the subject of

Scotland arises in a company of the untravelled, and as we should say "glai-kit Englisher."

But such vulgar errors are now chiefly confined to the solemnly fatuous sheets which proclaim themselves to be comic papers; and which, as I observe from the evidence of the railway bookstalls, command a much more ready sale in England than the works of all the humorists from Charles Lamb to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome. A man is known by the company he keeps. He is still better known, at least when he travels, by the papers he buys. For it is but rarely that we can select our travelling companions; while, on the contrary, when, at that gay and pleasing mart of literature of which I confess myself a devotee, the railway bookstall, a man says boldly, "*Illustrated Scrapings, Orts, Chips, and the Pink 'Un!*" he writes himself down as a genuine lover of literature, of a kind, indeed, but I know well that Mr. Lang and Mr. Barrie will not profit by him.

It is, however, not always wise to judge by appearances. A friend of mine upon one occasion very nearly lost the important good-will of the father of the lady to whom his affections were at the time somewhat engaged, by foolishly colloquing with a certain prospective brother-in-law, a youth wholly without reverence, and buying a large quantity of the afore-said *Orts-and-Scrapings* illustrated literature. This the ill-set pair strapped conspicuously upon the outside of the paternal dressing-cases and rugs—which, not being discovered till the journey was far spent, occasioned great indignation in the owner, who had instructed the buying of *Punch*, the *Guardian*, the *Spectator*, and other serious literature of that kind. Explanations and apologies were not accepted; and, as I say, this man of my acquaintance nearly lost a fairly good wife over this occurrence.

It is a dictum of the most justly celebrated of emeritus professors of the classics (alas! gone from the upper world since this paper was in print)

that "every person who despises the Greek language and literature proves himself to be either a conceited puppy or an ignorant fool." Our own attitude towards the Greek language at that time was not, however, that of contempt. We have always had the deepest respect and admiration for the Greek language, as well as for the equator; and we are sure that upon more intimate acquaintance that admiration and respect would increase, we may say, on both sides. So that, though the professor frequently told us that he had known several learned pigs to make much better Greek verses than ourselves, we are yet free of his greater excommunication.

But I should like to pass on his commination, after expressing my envious admiration of the strength and compactness of his language. This (it is understood) is what married ladies are wont to do, who have been sorely tried during the day by the stupidity of servants and the contrariness of circumstances—they wait till their husbands come home, and *pass it on*. For this makes the thing fair all round and prevents hard feelings.

So I should much like to say, here and now, that "every person who despises Scottish national humor proves himself to be either a conceited puppy or an ignorant fool." I should like to add—"or both!"

There is a classical passage in the works of Mr. Stevenson, which, with the metrical psalms, the poems of Burns, and the Catechisms, Shorter and Larger, ought to be required of every Scottish man or woman before they be allowed to get married. It is sad to see young people setting up house so ill-fitted for the battle of life. The passage from Mr. Stevenson is as follows. I protest that I never can read it, even for the hundredth time, without a certain sympathetic moisture of the eye.

None but an Edinburgh lad could have written it—none but one to whom nature and the works of God meant chiefly the Pentlands and the Lothians:—

There is no special loveliness in that grey country with its rainy, sea-beat archipelago ; its fields of dark mountains ; its unsightly places, black with coal ; its treeless, sour, unfriendly looking corn-lands ; its quaint, grey, castled city, where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat. I do not know if I desire to live there ; but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out, "Oh, why left I my home?" and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the good and wise, can repay me for my absence from my country. And though I would rather die elsewhere, yet in my heart of hearts I long to be buried among good Scots clods. I will say it fairly, it grows on me with every year ; there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street-lamps. The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotsman. You must pay for it in many ways, as for all other advantages on earth. You have to learn the Paraphrases and the Shorter Catechism ; you generally take to drink ; your youth, so far as I can make out, is a time of louder war against society, of more outcry, and tears, and turmoil, than if you were born, for instance, in England. But, somehow, life is warmer and closer, the hearth burns more redly ; the lights of home shine softer on the rainy street, the very names, endeared in verse and music, cling nearer round our hearts. "An Englishman may meet an Englishman tomorrow, upon Chimborazo, and neither of them care ; but when the Scotch wine-grower told me of Mons Meg, it was like magic.

From the dim shieling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us and a world of seas ;
Yet still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

Our humor lies so near our feeling for our country that I would almost say, if we do not feel this quotation — ay, and feel it in our bones — we may take it for granted that both the humor and the pathos of Scotland are to be hid from us during the term of our natural lives.

However, as Mr. Whistler said, when a friend pointed out to him a certain suggestion of the landscape Whistlerian in an actual sunset : "Ah, yes, nature is creeping up !" so we may say, with reference to the appreciation

of Scottish humor south of the Tweed, England is "creeping up." The numbers of editions of Scott, edited and inedited, illustrated and annotated, plain and colored, prove it. Other things also prove it. It is always a good brick to throw at a literary pessimist, to tell him the number of editions of Scott that have appeared during the last half-dozen years. I do not know how many there are — I have no idea — but I always say fifty-three and four more coming, for that sounds exact, and as if one had all the statistics up one's sleeve. If you say these little things with a confident air, you are never contradicted. No one knows any different. It is a habit worth acquiring. I am not proud of the accomplishment, and I don't mind saying that I learned the trick from listening to the evidence of skilled witnesses in the courts of law.

My subject is "Scottish National Humor in Fiction."

Therefore let us look for a moment at the national humor of fact. The Scots were, for instance, a people intensely loyal to their kings and queens. Yet, so long as they were with us, we dissembled our affection. Alas, we never told our love ! In fact, we always rebelled against them, so that they might have a good time hanging us in the Grassmarket and ornamenting the Netherbow with our heads. But as soon as we had driven these kings and queens into exile, we became tremendously loyal, and kept up constant troakings with the exiled at Carisbrook, in Holland, or with "the king over the water." Our very Cameronians became Jacobites and split on the subject, as the Scottish kirks always did — being apparently of the variety of animalculæ which multiply by fissure. So we went on, till we got them back, and again seated on the throne with a firm seat and a tight rein. Then we rebelled once more, just to keep them aware of themselves. Thus was our national humor expressed in history.

Or we had our family feuds. It mattered not whether we were killed Macs of the north or steel-capped, leathern-

jaeked Kennedys of the south, we loved our name and clan, and stood for them against king and country. But, nevertheless, we arose early in the morning and had family worship, like Mr. John Mure of Auchendrine. Then we rode forth, with spear and pistolet, to convince some erring brother of the clan that he must not do so. I received a delightful entry from an old family register of facts the other day. It was mixed up with religious reflections, and had this trifling memorandum interpolated to break the placid flow of the spiritual meditation. "This day and date oor Jock stickit to deid Wat Maxwell o' Traquair! Glory be to the Father and to the Son!"

This also is a part of our national humor of fact.

Master Adam Blackadder was an apprentice boy in Stirling in the troublous times of the Covenant. The military were coming, and the whole Whiggish town took flight.

"I would have been for running, too," says young Adam, the merchant's loon, "I would have been for the running, too, but my master discharged me to leave the shop. 'For,' said he, 'they will not have the confidence to take the like of you, a silly young lad.' However, a few days thereafter I was gripped by two messengers early in the morning, who, for haste would not suffer me to tie up my stockings, or put about my cravat, but hurried me away to Provost Russel's lodgings — a violent persecutor and ignorant wretch! The first word he spak to me [putting on his breeches] was, 'Is not this braw wark, sirr, that we maun be troubled wi' the like o' you?' I answered [brave loon, Adam!], 'Ye hae gotten a braw prize, my lord, that has claucht a poor prentice!' He answered, 'We canna' help it, sirr, we must obey the king's lawes!' 'King's lawes, my lord,' I says, 'there is no such lawes under the sun!' For I had heard that, by the bond, heritors were bound for their tenants and masters for their servants — *and not servants for themselves* [and so Andrew had him]. 'No such laws, sirr,' says our sweet Provost, 'ye lee'ed like a knave and traitour, as ye are. So, sirr, ye come not here to dispute the matter; away with him, away with him to the prison.'"

So accordingly they haled away the

humorsome apprentice of Stirling to Bridewell, where, as he says, and as we should expect, he was never merrier in his life, albeit within iron gates and waiting on the mercy of the "sweet provost" whom he surprised "putting on his breeks."

But how exquisitely humorous is the whole scene — the lad, not to be "feared," and well content to get the better of the provost in the battle of words, derives an admirable satisfaction from the difficulties of his enemy, who has perforce to argue while "putting on his breeks," a time when teguments, not arguments, are most fitting. Meanwhile the provost is grimly conscious that he is getting the worst of it, and that what the prentice loon said to him will be a sad jest when the bailies congregate round the civic punch-bowl; yet, for all that, he is not unappreciative of the lad's national right to say his say, and, not without some reluctance, silences him with the incontrovertible argument of the "iron gates." This also is Scottish and national, and could hardly be native elsewhere.

As we go on to consider these and other similar circumstances chronicled in our national history, certain ill-defined but obvious sorts and kinds of national humor emerge. They look at us out of all manner of unexpected places — out of the records of the Great Seal, out of the minutes of the Privy Council, out of State trials, out of the findings of juries. "We find that the prisoner killit not the particular man aforesaid, yet that *nevertheless* he is deserving of hanging." On general grounds, it is to be presumed, and to encourage the others! So hanged the acquitted man duly was. Then there is the famous indictment upon which (if all tales be true) one Mossman was hanged, on May 20, 1785. "1st. He was fand onabill to give an account of himsel'. 2nd. He wan'ered in his discourse. 3rd. He said that he cam' from Carrick!" He was immediately executed.

Disentangling some of these threads of humor which shoot scarlet through the hodden grey of our national rec-

ords, we can distinguish four kinds of historical humor — first, the humor which I propose, without any particular law or license, to call by analogy "Polter Humor." The best attested of all apparitions is a certain Galloway ghost — the spirit which troubled the house of Collin, in the parish of Rerrick, for months, and was only finally exorcised after many wrestlings with all the ministers of the countryside in Presbytery assembled. It was a merry and noisy spirit of the type called (I am informed) the Polter Ghost, a perfect master of the whistling, pinching, vexing, stone-throwing, spiritualistic athletic. So following this analogy we may call a considerable part of our national humor of fact polter humor. It is the same kind of thing which, mixed with the animal spirits and primitive methods of the undergraduate, leads him occasionally to thump upon the floor of philosophy class-rooms in a manner most unphilosophic. I am, it may be, thinking of the things that were in the good old times, when it was a mistake, trivial in the extreme, to forget one's college note-book, but capital to leave behind one's stick. The polter humor of Scotland is largely the humor of the unlicked cub, playing with such dangerous weapons as swords and battle-axes, instead of boot-laces and blacking.

"There is no discourse between a full man and a fasting. Sit ye doon, Sir Patrick Grey," said the Black Douglas to the king's messenger, sent to demand the release of Maclellan of Bombie. Sir Patrick, who might have known better, sits him down. The Black Douglas moves his hand and his eyebrow once; and even while the messenger is solacing himself with "doo-tairt" and a cup of sack, poor Maclellan is had out to the green and beheaded. Sir Patrick finishes, and wipes his five-pronged forks in the national manner underneath his doublet. He is ready to talk business, and so is the Black Douglas — now. "There is your man. Tell his Majesty he is most welcome to him," said the Douglas; "it is a pity that he wants the head!"

That is the polter humor *in excelsis* — the undergraduate playing with the headsman's axe instead of the harmless necessary cudgel which costs a shilling.

It is a primitive kind of humor of savage origin; and how many varieties of it there are among savage tribes, and amongst that largest of all savage tribes, the noble outlaw Ishmaels of the world, boys — Mr. Andrew Lang only knows.

Of this Polter humor, perhaps the finest instances are to be found in the chap-books of the latter half of last century and the first ten years of this. So soon as Scott had made the Scottish dialect into a national language, the edge seemed completely to go off these productions. With one consent they became flat, stale, and unprofitable. Indeed, they can hardly be called "profitable" reading at the best. For it is like walking down a South Italian lane to read them, so thickly do causes of offence lie around. But for all that, in them we have the rough give-and-take of life at the country weddings, the holy fairs, the kirns and christenings of an older time. I never realized how great and clean Robert Burns was, till I saw from what a state of utter depravity he rescued such homely topics as these. Yet in these days we are uneasily conscious that even Robert Burns has need to have his feet wiped before he comes into our parlors. As a corrective to this over-refinement, I should prescribe a counter-irritant in the shape of a short but drastic course in the dialect chap-books of the final thirty years of last century.

In the novels of Smollett is to be found the more (or less) literary expression of this form of humor. True, one cannot read very much of him at a time, for the effect of a score of pages acts physically on the stomach like sea-sickness. But yet we cannot deny that there is this polter humor element in Scottish fiction, though the fact has been largely and conveniently forgotten in these days. There are, however, some pearls among an inor-

dinate number of swine-sties. Yet we can see the origin, or at least the manifestation, of this peculiar humor in the old civic enactment which caused it to be proclaimed that any citizen walking down the Canongate upon the side causeways after a certain hour of e'en, did so at "the peril of his head." There is to this day a type of sturdy, full-blooded Scot, who cannot imagine anything much funnier than the emptying of a pail of suds out of a window—upon some one else's head. Sometimes this gentleman gets into the House of Commons, and laughs when another member sits down upon his new and glossy hat, which cost him a guinea that morning.

Among the tales of James Hogg there are many examples of polter humor. Hogg is, in some of his many rambling stories, the greatest example in literature of the Scottish Picaresque. He delights to carry his hero—who is generally nobody in particular, only a hero—from adventure to adventure without halt or plot, depending upon the swing of the incident to carry him through. And, indeed, so it mostly does. "The Bridal of Polmood," for instance, is of this class. It is not a great original work, like the "Confessions of a Justified Sinner," or a delightful medley of tales like the "Shepherd's Calendar." But it is a sufficiently readable story, though as like the actual life of the times as Tennyson's courtly knights are to the actual Round Table men of Arthur the king. In the "Adventures of Basil Lee" and in "Widow Watts's Courtship," we find the polter humor. But, on the whole, the finest instance of Hogg's rattling give-and-take is his briskly humorous and admirable story of "The Souters of Selkirk."

From recent Scottish literature this rough and thoroughly national species of humor has been almost banished; but there is no reason why, having cleaned its feet a little, the polter humor might not be revived. There is plenty of it, healthy and hearty, surviving in the nooks and corners of the hills.

The second species of humor which I shall try to discriminate is what, for lack of a better name, I shall call the humor of irony. It is akin to the polter humor in that it has chiefly reference to actions, but is of a quieter variety. Of this sort, and to me an exquisite example, is the advice Donald Cargil offered to Claverhouse as he was riding from the field of Drumclog, after his defeat, as hard as his horse could gallop, to "Bide for the afternoon diet of worship!"—a jest which did credit to the grim old "faithful contender," considering that he had been so lately a prisoner in the hands of John Graham himself. I am sure that Claverhouse appreciated the ironical edge of the observation, even if he did not forget the jester:—

Two soldiers reported a squabble between two of their officers to Colonel Graham.

"How knew ye of the matter?" said Claverhouse

"We saw it," they replied.

"But how saw ye it?" he continued, pressing them.

"We were on guard, and, hearing the din and turmoil, we set down our pieces and ran to see."

Whereupon Colonel Graham did arise, and gave them many sore palks, because that they had left their duty to gad about and gaze on that which concerned them not.

In like manner, and in the same excellent antique style, it is told of Duke Rothes that, finding that his lady was going just a step too far in the freedom with which she entertained proscribed ministers under his very nose, he sent her ladyship a message that it behoved her to keep her "black-coated messans" closer to her heel, or else that he would be obliged to kennel them for her.

Perhaps the finest instance of this humor is the well-known story, probably entirely apocryphal, but none the less worthy on that account, of the Fifeshire laird, who, with his man John, was riding to market. (It is, I think, in "Dean Ramsay," and, being far from books, I quote from memory.) The laird and John are passing a hole

in the moor, when the laird turns his thumb over his shoulder and says: "John, I saw a tod gang in there!"

"Did ye, indeed, laird?" cries John, all his hunting blood instantly on fire. "Ride ye your lane to the toon; I'll howk the craitur out!"

So back goes John for pick and spade, having first stopped the earth. The laird rides his way, and all day he is forgathering with his cronies, and "preeing the drappie" at the market town—ploys in which his henchman would ably and willingly have seconded him. It is the hour of evening, and the laird rides home. He comes to a mighty excavation on the hillside. The trench is both long and deep. Very tired and somewhat short-grained, John is seated upon a mound of earth, vast as the foundation of a fortress. "There's nae fox here, laird!" says John, wiping the honest sweat of endeavor from his brow. The laird is not put out. He is, indeed, exceedingly pleased with himself. "'Deed, John," he says, "I wad hae been muckle surprised gin there had been a tod there. It's ten year since I saw the beast gang in that hole!"

Here the nationality of the ironical humor consists in the non-committal attitude of the laird. It is none of his business if John thinks of spending his day in digging a fox-hole. It is, no doubt, a curious method of taking exercise when one might be at a market ordinary. But there is no use trying to account for tastes, and the laird leaves John to the freedom of his own will. History does not relate what were John's remarks when the laird fared homeward. And that is, perhaps, as well.

This, the method ironical, with an additional spice of kindness, is Sir Walter's favorite mode of humor. It is, for instance, the basis of Caleb Balderston, especially in the famous scene in the house of Gibbie Girder, the man of tubs and barrels:—

Up got mother and grandmother, and scoured away, jostling each other as they went, into some remote corner of the tenement, where the young hero of the evening

was deposited. When Caleb saw the coast fairly clear, he took an invigorating pinch of snuff, to sharpen and confirm his resolution. "Cauld be my cast," thought he, "if either Bide-the-Bent or Girder taste that broche of wild fowl this evening." And then, addressing the eldest turnspit, a boy of eleven years old, and putting a penny into his hand, he said, "Here is twal pennies, my man; carry that ower to Mistress Smatrash, and bid her fill my mill wi sneeshin' and I'll turn the broche for ye i' the meantime—an' she'll gie ye a gingerbread snap for yer pains."

No sooner had the elder boy departed on his mission, than Caleb, looking the remaining turnspit gravely and steadily in the face, removed from the fire the spit containing the wild fowl of which he had undertaken the charge, clapped his hat on his head, and fairly marched off with it.

It will not surprise you to hear that in Scott's own time this mode of humor was thought to be both rude and undignified, and many were the criticisms of bad taste and the accusations of literary borrowing that were made, both against this great scene, and against similar other chapters of his most famous books. Their very success promoted the rage of the envious. We find, for instance, the magazines of the time full of ill-natured notices, which, in view of the multiplied editions of the great Wizard, read somewhat strangely at this day. Let me take one at random:—

Scott is just going on in the same blind-fold way, and seems, in this as in other things, only to fulfil the destiny assigned to him by Providence—the task of employing the hundred black men of Mr. James Ballantyne's printing-office, Coul's Close, Canongate, for I suspect that this is the only real purpose of the author of "Waverley's" existence.

I read this when the critics prove unkind, and these words are only the beginning of as satisfactory a "slating" as ever fell to the lot of mortal writer.

Of course Scott was too great and many-sided a man to neglect any kind of humor, but on the whole perhaps that national humor of allowing circumstances to take their course, and

the persons engaged to realize the rough under-side of things, is his favorite kind. But in such a masterpiece as "Wandering Willie" he rises to the heights that are not humor alone, but literature of the greatest — mingling the most daring imagination and the finest narrative with something that is as far above humor as humor is above wit. Indeed, it is practically agreed that, in the writing of the short story, art and genius can no further go. And this, in spite of the belief attributed to Mr. W. D. Howells that the short story has recently been discovered in America, and is peculiar to that country.

But nothing tells us more surely of the essential greatness of the master than the way in which, by a few touches, he can so ennoble a humorous figure that he passes at a bound from the humorous to the pathetic, and touches the springs of our tears the more readily that up to that point he has chiefly moved our laughter.

Thus, at the close of Scott's great humorous conception of Caleb Balderston, we have a few words which like a beacon serve to illuminate all his past humors — his foraging, his bowl-breaking, his unprecedented readiness to lie for the sake of the glories of his master's house. It is the last scene in "The Bride of Lammermoor:" —

"But I have a master," cried Caleb, still holding him fast, "while the heir of Ravenswood breathes. I am but a servant; but I was born your father's — your grandfather's servant — I was born for the family — I have lived for them — I would die for them! Stay but at home and all will be well!"

"Well, fool, well!" said Ravenswood, "vain old man; nothing hereafter in life will be well with me, and happiest is the hour that shall soonest close it!"

So saying, he extricated himself from the old man's hold, threw himself on his horse, and rode out at the gate; but instantly turning back, he threw towards Caleb, who hastened to meet him, a heavy purse of gold.

"Caleb," he said, with a ghastly smile, "I make you my executor," and, again turning his bridle, he resumed his course down the hill.

The gold fell unheeded on the pavement, for the old man ran to observe the course which had been taken by his master. Caleb hastened to the eastern battlement, which commanded the prospect of the whole sands, very near as far as the village of Wolf's Hope. He could easily see his master riding in that direction, as fast as his horse could carry him. The prophecy at once rushed on Balderston's mind, that the Lord of Ravenswood would perish on the Kelpie's Flow, which lay half-way between the tower and the links, or sandknolls, to the northward of Wolf's Hope. He saw him, accordingly, reach the fatal spot, but he never saw him pass farther.

... Only one vestige of his fate appeared. A large sable feather had been detached from his hat, and the rippling waves of the rising tide wafted it to Caleb's feet.

The old man took it, dried it, and placed it in his bosom.

Scott is eminently unquotable, yet I should be prepared to stake his genius on a few passages like this, in which, by one or two magic touches, his usual kindly and careless irony suffers a sea-change into something rich and rare — the irony of the gods and of insatiable and inappeasable fate. Then, indeed, one actually sees the straw and stubble, the wood and stone of his ordinary building material being transmuted before our eyes into fairy gold at the touch of him who, whatever his carelessness and slovenliness, is yet the great Wizard of all time and the master of all who strive to tell the Golden Lie.

I have now come to a humor which is less represented in the nation's past, or, at least, less in the trials and tragic records which constitute the main part of the inheritance of our tumultuous and unpeaceful little land. This, again, for lack of a better name, I call the "Humor of About-the-Doors."

It is hard to say when this began; probably with the first of the race — for the Scot has ever been noted for making the best of his manservant and his maidservant, his ox and his ass, and especially of the stranger within his gates. Concerning the Scot's repute for haughtiness, John Major says (I

am quoting from Mr. Hume Brown's admirable "Early Scotland," 1521): —

Sabellicus, who was no mean historian, charges the Scots with being of a jealous temper, and it must be admitted that there is some color for this charge to be gathered elsewhere. . . . A man that is puffed up strives for some pre-eminence among his fellows, and when he sees that other men are equal to him, or but little inferior, he is filled with rage and breaks out into jealousy. I do not deny [says most honest Major] that some of the Scots may be boastful and puffed up, but whether they suffer more than their neighbors from such-like faults, I have not quite made up my mind. Sabellicus also asserts that the Scots delight in lying; but to me it is not clear that lies like these flourish with more vigor among the Scots than among other people.

It is pleasant to see Major, nearly four hundred years ago, as the Americans would say, "spreading himself" in praise of his own particular part of broad Scotland, after having made out that, in spite of all faults and all temptations, the Scots are yet the noblest people in the world. He is a worthy predecessor of all such as celebrate their Thrums, their Swanston by the Pentland edge, their Yarrow and Tweed-side, their Lang Toun, their Barneraig and Gushetneuk and Drumtochty, their St. Serf's and Carricktown.

Major has been celebrating the fish of the rivers of Scotland: —

Besides these there are the Clyde, the Tweed, and many other rivers, all abounding in salmon, turbot, and trout. [How Mr. Andrew Lang would admire to catch a turbot in the pool beneath the Kelso cemetery, where lies Stoddart, that mighty angler.] And near the sea is plenty of oysters, as well as crabs, and polypods of marvellous size. One crab or polypod is larger than thirty crabs such as are found in the Seine. The shells of the jointed polypods that you see in Paris clinging to the ropes of the pile-driving engines, are a sufficient proof of this. In Lent and in summer, at the winter and summer solstice, people go in the early morning from mine own Glegghornie and the neighboring parts to the shore, drag out the polypods and crabs with hooks, and return at noon with well-filled sacks.

The poor French nation! One native polypod from "mine own Glegghornie" equal to thirty misbegotten polypods of the Seine! And how much nobler 'tis to the polypodic mind to be dragged out with hooks, and stuffed in a bag at the summer and winter solstice, than to cling to the ropes of wretched pile-driving engines in the insignificant city of Paris. "Paris for pile-driving, Glegghornie for pleasure," is the motto for all true polypods!

And so was it ever, and so, please the pigs, shall it be so long as this sturdy knuckle-end of Britain sticks into the Arctic wash of the northern sea.

To the Scot his own gate-end, his own ingle-nook is always the best, the most interesting, the only thing indeed worth singing about and talking about.

So, deep in the Scottish nature, began the humor of about-the-doors. It is little wonder that the romancers have generally begun with descriptions of their own kail-yairds — which are the best kail-yairds — the only true kail-yairds, growing the best curly greens, the most entrancing leeks and syboes, lying fairest to the noontide heat, and blinked upon, as John Major says, by the kindest sun, the sun of "mine own Glegghornie."

It appears to me that John Galt, with all his most absolute limitations, is yet the most excellent, as he was the first, of all these students of "my ain hoose," and "my ain folk." The names, the characters, the descriptions of the places, delight me like a bonny Scots song sung by a bonny Scots lass — and that is the best kind of singing there is. I care not so greatly for plot. I can make my own as I go. I am not greatly interested in what happens to the characters; but the humor of about-the-doors interests me past telling; and I read Galt arching my back by the fireside, like a pussy bawdrons when she is stroked the right way. I should like to see an edition of Galt reprinted — it would not need to be edited, for learned comment would spoil it. I am persuaded that an edi-

tion of all the Scottish books of Galt would sell to-day better than they ever did in his own time.¹ Yet I should be sorry too, for he is a fine, tangled, unexplored garden wild for the wandering Autolycus, and for that I should miss him.

How admirable, for instance, to pull down the first volume of Galt that comes to hand, is the following description of the office-houses of an old Scottish mansion : —

Of somewhat lower and ruder structure was a desultory mass of shapeless buildings — the stable, sty, barn, and byre, with all the appurtenances properly thereunto belonging, such as peat-stack, dung-heap, and coal-heap, with a bivouacry of invalidated utensils, such as bottomless boyns, headless barrels, and brushes maimed of their handles — to say nothing of the body of the cat which the undealt-with pack-man's cur worried on Saturday se'enight. The garden was suitable to the offices and mansion. It was surrounded, but not enclosed, by an undressed hedge, which in more than fifty places offered tempting admission to the cows. The luxuriant grass-walks were never mowed but just before hay-time, and every stock of kale and cabbage stood in its garmentry of curled blades, like a new-made Glasgow baillie's wife on the first Sunday after Michaelmas, dressed for the kirk in the many-plies of her flouncies.

Now there are people who do not care for this sort of thing, just as there are folk who prefer the latest concocted perfume to the old-fashioned southern-wood that our grandmothers used douncely to take to the kirk with them folded in their napkins. For me, I could not spare the stave of a single barrel, nor the ragged remains of a single boyn. I take them with a mouth like an alms-dish ; and, like the most celebrated of charity boys, I ask for more.

I need not point the moral or enter into the history of the humor about-the-doors in recent fiction. Mr. Stevenson, in "Portraits and Memories,"

¹ In contrast with the usual fate of such suggestions, this hint, thrown out to an Edinburgh audience, bids fair to ripen into an excellently printed edition of all the worthy works of John Galt.

Mr. Barrie in all his books, have chronicled how the world grew for them when they were growing, and how the young thoughts moved briskly in them. Mr. Stevenson, being more subjective, was interested mainly in these things as an extension and explanation of his personality. He saw the child he was, the lad he grew to be, move among these surroundings, and they took substance and color from the very keenness and zest of his reminiscence. Mr. Barrie, stiller and less ready to be understood, waits round the corner, and grips everything as it passes him. But Mr. Stevenson ever went out to seek strange lands. Already, as a child on the shores of an unknown Samoa, he had built him a lordly pleasure-house to the music of the five waterfalls. For he was the eternal Argonaut, the undying treasure-seeker. Each morning he woke and went out with the hope that to-day he would find a new world. To him the sun never grew old, and the hunter hunted the hill to the day's ending ere he came to "lay him down with a will." Rare, very rare, but almost heart-breaking when they do occur, are Mr. Stevenson's tenderesses about his native land : —

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,

Hills of home ! And to hear again the call —

Hear about the graves of the Martyrs the pee-wits crying —

And hear no more at all !

Mr. Barrie's feet, without ever straying so far, yet carry him on the track of many a romance, woven of tears and laughter when the world was young. The skies may be unkindly, the seasons dour, the steps steep, and the bread bitter — in Angus and in Thrums. Hard the lot and heavy the sorrow there ! Up the steps the bowed woman goes to write a letter, in which the only cry of affection, "My dear son, Queery," is never uttered by her lips. The bent-backed weaver wheels his web up the brae with creaking wheelbarrow, and lo, in a moment Thrums melts away — we see before us the Eden door, at which stands the angel

with the sword of flame, and Adam bending to his mattock, earning the first bairn's bread with the sweat of his brow. There Jess sits by her window, and there Leebie lies in her grave; while never any more comes a "registrardy" letter from London, when the blithe postman's knock had not time to fall before flying feet were at the door to welcome Jamie's letter. For Jess is Eve, the ancient mother, bearing her heavier burden. For Eve's secret is that woman's sorrow only begins with the bringing forth. Also there is Cain going out upon the waste—a bloodless if not guiltless Cain, who has only broken those three hearts that loved him—and his own. I never want to read any more when I have read of Jamie fleeing hot-foot over the commonty, yet like a hunted thing, ever and anon looking back. I want to go up and look at some bairns that lie asleep, each in his cot. And then I learn what it is to pray.

There are other humors that are of our people—and of them alone. These I cannot deal with, for time would fail me to tell of the humor of the out-of-doors, the humor of byre and stable—the humor of "When the Kye Comes Hame," of the lowsing-time, of Hal-low'e'en and Holy Fair. I know not whether there is as much of it now as there once was. They say that there is not. I only know that there was enough and to spare in my time, and that we in those days certainly did not kiss and tell. We said little about these jocund humors to our grave and reverent seniors; and now that we are growing suchlike ourselves, I think analogy will help us to believe that there are yet humors in the lives of our juniors as innocent and gladsome, as full of primeval mirth as those of the departed days which we now endeavor, generally so unsuccessfully, to recall.

I do not think that any one will succeed in setting down these things—the humors of his country, his lost years, his lost loves—without finding the tears as often in his eyes as the smile is on his lips. He will not suc-

ceed because he sets himself to do it. He must be purposeful, but conceal his purpose and write with his heart. No great romance was ever written with what is known as a purpose. The purpose must emerge, not be thrust before the reader's nose, else he will know that he has strayed into a drug-gist's shop. And all the beauty of the burnished glass, and all the brilliancy of the drawer labels will not persuade him that medicine is a good steady diet. He will say, and with some reason, "I asked you for bread—or at least for cakes and ale—and lo! ye have given me Gregory's Mixture!"

So he will walk out, and not deal any more at your shop, save when he wants medicine—for some other body. A lady sent me a book and she wrote upon it that she hoped it would do me good. Now, I did not want it for myself particularly, but I have a friend, a wicked lawyer, and I instantly recognized that this good book was the very thing for him. So I sent it to him; and he never even thanked me.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

Scott did not write with any purpose, save with the primitive instinct to tell an entrancing story. And in spite of Gervinus and cartloads of commentators, chiefly Teutonic, I do not believe Shakespeare did, either. On this point, however, I am open to conviction; but, like a late great ecclesiast, let me add, "I wad like to see the man that could convince me!"

For the "novel of purpose" developed round some set thesis is not of the essence of story-telling, but of preaching and pamphleteering. These two things are, no doubt, of the world's greatest necessities, but I would not have them trench upon the place of creative imagination. Scott, our greatest, was as conspicuously free from moralizing as Homer, yet what infinities of actual good have arisen from the reading of his books. No, the goodness and the moral must be in the man himself—in the writer—and there is no fear but that they will come

out in his story, without spoiling one whit the artistic beauty of his conception. After all, art teaches and elevates by making men and women gladder; and though there are failures and mistakes, the sound of wedding bells is, on the whole, as wholesome and heartsome a sound in fiction as it is in reality. It will be better if, instead of posing as the religious regenerator of the future, the novelist confines himself to telling a plain tale in the best way he can, simply striving by the thrilling of his own heart to cast a spell upon the hearts of others.

The romancer had best be a little more modest than he has been of late. If he tells his story with his heart and soul, all that is good in him and in his message will emerge in the course of the narrative without being obtruded. You will not permanently improve the readers of fiction by the methods of Mrs. Squeers. When we read fiction we do not want to take doses of brimstone and treacle, whether we will or no, "to purify our systems," as Mr. Squeers said. I think it is better to stand by fiction as a branch of the world's art, rather than as a department of its pathology; and to look for its effect upon men's lives as an anodyne for sore hearts, a heartening of sorrows, a pathway of escape from the dulness or contrariness of things into another and a fresher world. After all, for religion we still have our Bible, and in my opinion we are not likely to better that as doctrine and reproof for the conduct of our lives. We have our daily newspaper which tells us, among other things, how to vote or how to act. I decline to believe that the great problems of religion can be adequately discussed and settled in the conversations of the novel of purpose. I want to take my Bible plain and my newspaper plain; I do not want to mix them and label them "The Fiction of the Future." In fact, being a quiet and old-fashioned person, the fiction of the past is good enough for me. If I can make half as good as the present I shall be content.

Finally, I desire to say a few words

upon the so-called Scottish dialect not, by any means as one who speaks *ex cathedra*, but only in order to express my own feelings and beliefs.

We are not of those who look upon Scottish dialect as merely a corrupt kind of English. It would be, indeed, much truer to say that modern English is a corrupt and much-adulterated variety of Scots.

For the old Scottish language has had a history both long and distinguished. In it the first of Scottish romancers, John Barbour, wrote his saga-tales of Wallace and Bruce. In it Dunbar sang songs, Robert Henrysoun, dominie and makkar, fabled; while Ramsay, Burns, Scott, Hogg, and Galt carried on its roll of noble names.

Of recent years, with the increasing localization of fiction, there has arisen a danger that this old literary language may be broken up into dialects, each one of which shall possess its interpreters, accurate and intelligent, no doubt, but out of the true, legitimate line of apostolic succession.

Now, what I understand to be the duty of the Scottish romancer is, that he shall not attempt to represent phonetically the peculiarities of pronunciation of his chosen district, but that he shall content himself with giving the local color, incident, character, in the noble, historical, well-authenticated Scots language, which was found sufficient for the needs of Knox, of Scott, and of Burns, to name no other names. Leave to the grim grammarian his "fous" and "fats" and "fars." Let the local vocabulary-maker, excellent and indispensable man, construct cunning accents and pronunciation-marks. Leave even great Jamieson alone, save for amusement in your hours of ease. As Mr. Stevenson once said, "Jamieson is not Scots, but mere Angu-sawa!" A pregnant saying, and one containing much sense.

There is another danger. It is difficult to write the Scottish dialect. It is easy to be vulgar in dialect. Shall our great literary language be brought down by the vulgarisms of the local funny man to the condition of a mere

idiom? Certainly, if the people want it so. But there is no need to call the rubbish Scottish dialect.

For myself, I love to discern a flavor of antique gentlemanship about a man's Scots, something that takes me back to knee-breeches and buckled shoes, to hodden grey and Kilmarnock bonnets. They might be a little coarse in those days, but they were never vulgar.

There never was a nobler or more expressive language than the tongue of the dear old ladies who were our grandmothers and great-grandmothers in these southern and western counties of Scotland. Let us try to keep it equally free from Anglicisms which come by rail, Irishisms which arrive by the short sea-route, from the innuendo of the music-hall comic song, and the refinements of the boarding-school—in fact, from all additions, subtractions, multiplications, and divisions, by whomsoever introduced or advocated. There is an idea abroad that in order to write Scottish dialect, it is enough to leave out all final g's and to write *dae* for *do*—which last, I beg leave to say, is the hall-mark of the bungler!

Now the honest Doric is a sonsy quean, clean, snod, and well put on. Her acquaintance is not to be picked up on the streets, or at any close-mouth. The day has been when Peg was a lady, and so she shall be again, and her standard of manners and speech shall be at least as high as that of her sister of the South.

The result will not show in the reports of the Board of Trade; neither will it make Glasgow flourish yet more abundantly, or the ships crowd thicker about the Tail of the Bank. But it will give broad Scotland a right to speak once more of a Scottish language, and not merely of a Dundee, a Galloway, or a "Doon-the-watter" accent. And it will give her again a literature frankly national, written in her ancient language, according to the finest and most uncorrupted models.

S. R. CROCKETT.

From Temple Bar.

"TOM—'E KNOW'D."

TOM LAWES was dead. "He had"—so ran the announcement which accompanied the invitation to his funeral—"exchanged this troublesome world for a better." And for nearly a week past this interesting fact sustained the conversation in every ale-house parlor, and interfered with the business of the markets, besides strangely affecting the conscience of certain good Christians.

There was a fascination in the subject, because Tom had been such an evident living man for so long a time—and now, those who knew him best felt that he had gone to limbo, and was shrouded to them in an impenetrable mystery which was positively awful. And this sensation was reasonable enough, seeing that he died at home, in that village where so many members of his family had acted out their parts for the space of two full centuries. He—the last of them to go hence—possessed to the uttermost those characteristics for which his family was remarkable. Very frequently the resemblance in person and life extended to the manner of their death, and all lay indicated so plainly upon the surface, that it almost seemed as though in them humanity abandoned those arts and hereditary devices which began with the sewing of fig-leaves. They played no part in politics beyond helping in the distribution and consumption of liquor consequent upon an election. They never posed as philanthropists, but they took the best of this world's wealth that came within their reach to their own enjoyment; and the things of literature, art, or science were as far from them as the dim sayings of Holy Writ itself.

With irregular features, coarsening as they aged, sturdy, well-knit figures, heavy jaws, and low foreheads, the young ones followed the old ones into the seventies, and sometimes into the eighties, in spite of hard drinking and exposure to all the severities of the English climate. Now and again one in his generation met his death as Tom

had just done, who—till after he was seventy—drove the fastest horse in the county, and that very often at night and without lamps, till some accident befell, and the hard-going life was suddenly snuffed out.

It happened so with Tom. He was coming home late at night, having stayed his time at the Green Man, with other friends, and then, as usual, he made up for it on the road. He said he knew he could do it, although the roads were bad and there was a steaming fog. He had often done it before, when he had business appointments at home, and feared he would be late.

These simple things are the hazards of life, for a man may do a great deal if the road is clear; but on this particular evening it chanced that another man had been delayed, possibly by the same cause as Tom. He, too, was making up on the road; and these men met in the fog, each driving his hardest, and Tom was thrown out on his head. The other was a younger man, and escaped with a good shaking; but Tom was drawn out from where he lay among the smashed spokes of the other man's wheel, and carried home to his own house on a gate. He was a heavy man to fall, and his head, though hard enough, was too old to bear such a battering. A few days passed, during which the strong frame heaved and struggled for life, and the poor, bewildered mind strove to piece together recent events and to clear up the hard problem—what strange thing had happened to itself and the world at large. Then, like a child tired out with too long a day, the breath came and went easily, till at last he slept—Tom Lawes was dead.

Then a wail rose up from the hearts of many who had taken his strong life as a matter of course—as one of those things like the "strength of the hills," or "the depths of the sea," which were ordered as we find them long before we were born, and which form so far a necessary part of this world's scheme that we could not fancy the world without them.

To not a few Tom Lawes, if not exactly a benefactor, was at any rate the best master and the best friend they had known; and though it was true that he had no wife or child to add, by their mourning, to the pathos of his end, still his family was a large one; and beyond it the circle of the business connection which he inherited from his father stretched almost over the whole kingdom. At all horse fairs and sales, and wherever horses for the plough or van changed hands, there Tom Lawes' broad figure and close-shaven face were a familiar sight.

He was not a loquacious man. Even liquor would never melt a secret out of him which Tom desired to keep. But he was punctual in business matters. His word was as good as his bond, and he was always ready to pay his price. He was a good judge of animals in his own line of business, and knew the pedigrees and secret histories of most horses that were worth considering at all. This gave him great prestige among younger members of the profession, just as his regular and attentive business habits commanded the respect of men of his own standing. He was no scholar, but he could write a cheque, and put a higher figure to it than most people, if he chose. Report credited him with twice as much of the needful as any of his forefathers possessed; but perhaps he could afford to be more free with his money only because he had neither wife nor children. He was not a charitable man; neither hospitals nor schools ever saw his money; but if an old stable-helper or drover out of employment came to Tom Lawes, he generally found him something to do, and kept him out of the workhouse. Therefore his praises were sung in many a public house, and it is an open question whether a man's good name is not more likely to be challenged in a public house than a church.

As he had no land to speak of, Tom took no offence at poaching—and yet he had his morality, and he was not the less respected because it was known that there was a limit to his for-

bearance. No servant of his might thief. As to drinking—they might be "drunk as lords" when he did not want them, which was sometimes the case on Sunday; but when Monday morning came, either they were fit for work or they received no pay. With the parson and church-going Tom held as little as he did with schools and hospitals. There were times when a parson was necessary, and it was handy for people to be able to sign their names. When the parish doctor could not help a poor man, the hospital was the best place for him; besides, doctors must learn their business somewhere; doctoring and the mysteries of physic were not to be picked up in the hedgerows. Tom was proud of being a Churchman, and though he never went to church except to attend weddings or funerals, he would have scorned to go to chapel upon any pretext whatever.

But now they were going to take Tom Lawes to church for the last time. He was to be taken to the family vault, where his father and mother lay, and where his brothers would come to join him not long hence.

It was a still autumn day, serene and calm, and warm as summer. The pungent scent of dead leaves filled the air; a soft sun shone tenderly over the pale haze of the distant plain, and touched with loving light the quaint outline of the russet-tinted oaks. From the great grey tower of Kentish rag, the deep bell swung out its loud-toned wail. The three roads which ran up the steep hill to the church were dotted by knots of people, who were all converging towards one spot. Now and again a farmer or dealer from a distance whisked past in his little gig, flicking his pony to urge him into the long hill. That much accomplished, some threw down their reins and jumped out without pulling up. These were the younger men, and three of them reaching the last pitch about the same time, greeted one another with a nod, and leaving the animals to mount the hill alone, drew towards each other and talked in low voices. From their short, jerky sentences it was clear that

all three men felt disturbed in their mind with a sense of disaster.

"Poor Tom!" said one. "Gone at last."

"Terr'ble sudden."

"There's a-many will miss him."

"Allus tuk things quiet."

"Say as his nephies take it mortal hard."

"They take on so."

"Quiet livin' fellows, too."

"They ain't at all fast."

"They be church-goers—reglar."

"That's along of their mother."

"She don't use no force, neither."

"Pretty nigh time for poor Tom by that clock."

"Hope as they own't be late along 'ith him to-day."

"Him wot were allus so punctual."

"Say! A sight o' people to see the last o' him."

"Bless ye! That man had a sight o' friends."

"'T warn't for much as he said, neither."

"If you axed him, Tom 'ud liefer say as he 'din't know.' And all the time, he knowed!"

"That were the w'y o' he."

"An' yit a straighter man never walked."

"Different to Michael Symmonds."

"Aye, you're right!"

"Yit they was friends!"

"But did you never notice as how they niver drank out o' the same glass?"

"For all they was friends these many years, yo niver see that done."

"Don't blame Tom neither! Couldn't abide that ere Michael Symmonds."

"He ain't no friend o' mine—niver wore—an' niver will be—that's one thing."

"Married the widdy o' the Bird in Hand."

"Aye! And niver no fear o' their lettin' the stuff git bad atween 'em."

"Tom never had that weakness. He drank his glass, but no wimmen never got the better o' he."

"No less than 'twere for the business."

"He were a deal too straight for 'em. They warn't agoin' for to kitch he to marry they."

"Haply he took up with married wimmen?"

"Wot! Them as had husbands a-ready? That he din't!"

"But that's the best w'y to be sure. Square it along 'ith the husbands fust."

"Lord bless ye, wot luck that man had!"

"Aye, that wouldn't never do for sich as you and me to try it on the same as he did."

"Ah—but Tom—'e know'd!"

The rapid clanging of the great bell announced to the assembled crowd that the funeral drew near. Conversation ceased, and punctual to the stroke of three, four black horses drew the hearse which contained the last of Tom Lawes to the lych-gate.

All hats were doffed as the bearers drew out the massive coffin. One by one the mourning coaches containing relatives and friends followed in succession, while a body of friends walked before the coffin—and far off, 'till far off, was the white flutter of a surplice, and the glint of sunlight on the gilt edges of a book.

A solemn hush held the crowd almost breathless; but one old man—a stable-helper—pressed on up the hill in spite of evident fatigue.

"Jonas," he murmured, addressing himself, "yo mun be to toime. They was hisn words."

Up above in the lych-gate, a robin was busy looking for spiders. They are fat and prosperous in the autumn, and their eggs, which are so plentiful then, clear the voice. The many flies which have nourished them all through the summer are also fat and sleepy in the autumn, and walk easily into the large webs so daringly displayed. The robin flung out a gay song in the intervals when his sharp beak was not employed picking the plump assassins from their thievish lurking-places, where they sat in darkness planning murder. The crowd excited rather than disturbed the robin. He liked to watch human beings, and prided him-

self on his intimacy, and above all his knowledge of the race. The unfamiliar scent of stephanotis came up to him where he sat and reminded him not disagreeably of greenhouses in winter time. He could see white flowers laid in masses on the grass and on an old tomb.

Human beings and their labors interested the robin. All that morning men had been at work bending over picks and spades—and he had perched on clods they had turned out. Some scraps they laid aside. They said the parson would "call out" if he saw them. How they toiled! And what for? He shook himself and winked his eye. He would stir them up with another tune, and forthwith he flung out his cheeriest song, till suddenly he was silenced, startled by the deep human voice reading with measured resonance, and the earnestness of conviction:—

"I know that my Redeemer liveth—"

"'E knowe, do 'e?" soliloquized Jonas Lopes; "'e s'y as 'e knowe."

The crowd passed from the mellow sunshine through the dark portals. The last glimpse of the white flowers which lay on the heavy burden passed out of sight. The robin knew the church inside and out. Just to-day the sun was pleasant. It was the perversity of that human nature which it was his business to study that made them crowd inside.

Outside in the road the ponies grazed, and were minded by boys on whom the police kept their eyes. People came to church that day who never came at other times. Amongst these was Jonas Lopes.

Jonas was arrayed in very thin old black clothes. They were his very best, and for the most part, were presented to him at odd times by the deceased. He only donned these precious garments on very particular occasions, and when he was sure of being sober, or, as he expressed it, "dry."

As he edged his way into church, a thousand thoughts whirled through his mind, and fairly bewildered his brain.

He had walked about fourteen miles to be present at this funeral, and to ensure being sober had tasted nothing since breakfast, fearing that food would produce thirst, and that thirst would get the better of him. Jonas never drank anything but beer. He was older than he used to be, he told himself, for he felt a curious faintness overcome him, but this, on reflection, he decided was proper and natural to being dry, and was not to be wondered at. All church-goers were dry, and he knew just how they looked when they were on the road for church.

He had come so far to see the last of Tom Lawes, and see it he must. After it was over he would take measures to correct his dryness, and he drew his hand across his mouth when he thought of the Bird in Hand. So he pressed on with the crowd, keeping his eyes fixed on the great oak coffin borne aloft, and the masses of snow-white flowers, and trying to associate these unfamiliar sights with old Tom Lawes. He strained his ears to listen to what the parson was saying, with a vague kind of hope that some of it might relate to Tom, and tell of his present condition. But the words sounded strange and difficult. They ran in a language that Tom never used, and referred to things that he never remarked upon.

Some one in the congregation saw Jonas, and recognized the old stable-helper. Divining the devotion which had brought him so far, and perhaps touched with sympathy, this man beckoned Jonas, and made room for him in his seat. This unexpected condescension was very gratefully accepted, and as he sank wearily on the bench Jonas felt himself almost a church-goer. He sat on the edge of the seat, holding his hat very nervously before him, and straining his ears to hear the mingled sound of the bearers' measured tread and the deep cadence of Holy Writ. The solemnity of the moment impressed him inexpressibly. He felt in a dim sense that he was catching some perception of the breath of sanctity. And he racked his brains to remember any good words which he had chanced

to hear in his time, and had forgotten long ago. He was anxious—oh, how terribly anxious he was!—to show all dutiful respect to the man whom he had called "Master," but whom he reckoned to be his only friend in life.

The great west door was wide open to allow the people to throng into the church; rich and poor were there mingled together, but all trod softly, and were too bent upon a common object to notice a humble four-footed intruder.

Suddenly a sharp howl made Jonas start. He turned his head quickly and recognized to his horror a lean liver-and-white mongrel bitch as his own—not too honorably maintained—possession. It was as though that side of his life most remote from church-going was rising up against him, and the moment was one of exceeding bitterness.

The muddy and disreputable-looking dog was looking and snuffing in all directions to find him, and Jonas trembled lest in spite of his best clothes he should not escape her unquestionable nose. It was a terrible visitation. The authorities would blame him for a disturbance, and perhaps they would both be turned out together, and what a scandal that would be—and at Tom's funeral too.

He turned his eyes away, and kept them fixed upon the parson. He would not see the dog.

With all his might he strove to understand the words. Haply he might get some good out of them.

"As one star differeth from another star."

"Poor Tom!" he thought wearily as he remembered the coming winter. "Aye! 'e's a long way off Oy reckon, and Oy shall miss him afore Christmas. Oy kean't but think o' the toime Oy were a-thievin' o' they tarnups. Oy niver did it agin, Tom! Noa, nut after yo kitched o' me that unce."

Another sharp howl from the puppy made him start and interrupted his reflections. "Cuss ye! ye darnistable cuss! Can't ye be quiet? I ain't a-goin' to see ye, and the Lord send ye don't see me! Wotiver are ye at, a

shakin' o' Sophy Root's skirts! Sure an' it she be a big woman, there's room enough for sich as yew. Sophy, woman," he whispered, hoarse with distress, "doan't 'e take to screechin'—tain't but a pup. (Darn they wimmen, a man can't nowadays do nowt. Any man might think I were a-doin' rightly a-settin' on thicky bench—but noa!) Sophy, woman, there's a lady a'speakin' to ye; go in her seat, woman, like a good un!"

But Sophy replied in a trembling pipe which sounded shrilly in the church.

"Oy'm a-feared as that'll bite me."

"That *oun't* bite ye, nut *it*!"

But Sophy remained stationary, with the puppy gnawing her ankles and rolling about in and out her skirts. The time might come, she felt, when she should scream. Jonas, seeing what was in her mind, turned his eyes resolutely to the parson; and Miss Caird, becoming desperate, left her seat, and taking Sophy by the arm led her gently the few steps necessary to place her in safety. For a moment the puppy stared wildly round. She had forgotten everything except the flavor of Sophy's boots, and could no longer scent out Jonas. Catching sight of Sophy disappearing, she plunged wildly into the pew across Miss Caird, and suddenly subsided into silence and repose under the bench behind Sophy's skirts.

But Jonas was fascinated by new words which reached his ears. He listened because he reckoned that the parson knew more about Tom—"nor any o' we," as he expressed it.

"Wot's that he's a-s'ying: '*We mun all be chynge*!' Noa, then! He kean't knowe nowt about Tom! Tom warn't niver one to chynge. Ah, passon he down't knowe nowt. For all hisn larnin' 'e down't knowe nowt. Latin an' Greek an' al sich pertensions, an' yit 'e down't knowe nowt. 'E be one o' that sort wot gew about a-s'ying as they *knowe*, and when that comes to the push they down't knowe. Oy did wuk for he five year, and by that same token I can tell yo he down't knowe nowt. Oy'm blessed if durin'

that time Oy didn't take home uppards o' thirty bushels o' tarnups. Oy deed, an' more besides. Some un mun ha' gien he a sort o' tickling jist at the last, an' yit we parded good friends. '*Yo down't wholly suit me*,' he sez, '*but Oy'll gie yo a character, for*,' sez he, '*Oy down't knowe nowt agin yo*.' An' no more he din't, I down't b'lieve. 'E'a gien me a shillin' now an' agin sin' time I were out o' work like, but he ain't niver took me on—only a job in the churchyard, a-sweepin' or a-mowin' o' grass—but that ere do gue agin my stomick."

That evening, as Jonas sat the centre of an admiring circle in the parlor of the Bird in Hand, he said in the tone of one who knew,—

"It were wholly wonderful the sight o' people wot was there to see the last o' Tom, but there warn't a-menny as know'd he same as Oy. '*E know'd*, and I stuck to 'im, an' I could work for 'im—as I couldn't for n'er another man—a'case Oy allus know'd '*e know'd*. That kep me agin mysen. Oy know'd twarn't a mite o' use to try to gue agin he. Yo couldn't niver head him neither. Only once I tried it, an' thin he got the better o' me! It were along o' they tarnups, gret white uns, they was. Oy thart—Waal, Oy ain't a-goin' to scrape thicky al d'y for ship an' nary hef an mysen. So afore I went home Oy put half-a-score or so in my inards coat pocket—wot hangs loose like—an' the next evenin' I did the same. Why, Lord bless me! ef Oy didn't 'ear Tom a-s'ying, '*Oy'll larn yo to be a-thievin' o' my tarnups*!' An' then I jist went muzzy in my head like, an' felt I were a-grippin' hould o' the straw wot lies there, an' seemly as 'twere a ingine a-bein' druv backards an' forards over my back. Lord! Din't 'e lay it on straight! Oy niver tuk no more tarnups. Hisn hand were that heavy! Gin Oy wanted tarnups Oy tuk 'em off some un else. Oy niver tuk no more o' hisn—an' he *know'd* it!"

"The passon's readen' were powerful, but Oy were that tuk up Oy couldn't mind much o' wot he said.

Oy doubt 'tis allus pretty nigh the same, but Oy couldn't mind it much by reason that I were that dry. Lord, as Oy sot there Oy were that dry —"

"Yo mun be," put in an acquaintance. "'Gin ye goes to charch yo mun be dry; charch-goers is allus dry."

"But now," replied Jonas, in an argumentative tone, "don't yew think now — as if 'twere so, seemly — as they might git more goodness out of it ef they didn't go to it quite so dry? Don't yo think so?"

"Oy kean't s'y," returned the other, "but Oy mind, when Oy went to git married, Oy tould Tom (wot's gone) I were a-goin' to take my yong 'ooman to charch. 'Wa-al, Bill,' sez 'e, 'do keep yoursel dry.' 'E sez, 'Yo mun be dry 'gin yo gue to charch for the passon to see ye."

"O' course, that were so! An' Oy'm a-thinkin' 'twas nigh as well Oy were dry — ef Tom know'd."

A fresh comer entered the parlor who drew all the attention to himself, and Jonas relapsed into silence long and deep, till at length he rose and went home, although he was still somewhat dry. For the first time in his life there came over him a doubt as to the extent of Tom's sagacity — and with it the overpowering sense of loss — the vacuum, loneliness, and mystery of death, for maybe Tom had ceased to know. The new-comer to the inn parlor had still more to tell of Tom, for he had heard the contents of the will, and therefore knew what would become of the farm and the other worldly property. But there were certain other things about Tom that only one person knew, and they came back to her mind when she stood by his open grave.

All the mourners were gone, and the crowd had vanished, leaving only the bruised turf to show where it had passed. She still lingered in the churchyard, though the diggers were rapidly shovelling the earth into the grave. The afternoon was closing in, and the sun was shining like a jewel behind the golden filigree of the wych-elds which flanked the graveyard on the west. She stood a little apart, by

a long established grave, marked by a recumbent cross. Sometimes her eyes rested on the grave at her feet, where violets, half hidden by dead leaves, nestled between the arms of the cross, and then she looked again towards the grave-diggers. She stooped and picked a violet — one little touch of amethyst in a setting of rich old gold. It was a sentimental whim which suddenly touched her — to pick a flower from the grave of one, and drop it, when the diggers were not looking, into the grave of the other. Then, with a quick movement, she resumed her old position, watching the diggers and the sunset.

She was no longer young; but in some hearts sentiment never dies. She had passed her eightieth year, and her hair, that was as white as rime frost, was gathered loosely back from a countenance that the hand of time had touched lovingly, as though to ripen, rather than deface her youth. Though she was lovely in her old age, her lips were almost too thin for beauty, and suggested a soul that would "be still, and murmur not" through the storms and oppressions of this life. Just then the touch of sadness added to the charm of a certain resignation in her air, and yet her lips parted in a smile.

It was no longer the still open grave she saw, but a flower border, bright with June roses and a thousand summer flowers. A garden gate swung on its hinges, and shut again with a loud click, and a young man came towards her. What he said was not very fluently spoken, but he made his meaning clear enough, and put the question straightly. And she answered it as she felt, and carelessly as to how he took it. When he appealed against her refusal, she coldly advised him to try elsewhere.

"It shall be you or no one," was his terse reply, and he repeated it again as he left the gate. "You or no one — remember."

And she remembered it now — having well-nigh forgotten it all these years. With a touch of remorse, she wondered if she had been right, or

even kind. Just at that time her feelings were engrossed with one who had come to her so differently—in all the odor of sanctity, with the taint of consumption in his blood. How well she remembered every line of his face, every shade in its expression, as he stood in his white linen, that is "the righteousness of saints," reading the alternate verses of the exquisite poetry of psalm lyrics of old. Then he had coughed himself into his grave, and lay there under the white cross.

There had never been any love passages between them. Perhaps they had been too shy and timid; but they both knew the flutter and the flush, and there was much innocent dallying mingled with church-bells, the almshouses, choir practices, and the like. Then he died—and that was the thin thread of sentiment in her life.

And Tom Lawes? She had almost forgotten about him. They had lived in the same village so many years. They were neighbors, but they rarely met. His path in life lay to the markets and fairs, and hers was still to the church and the almshouses.

Now that he was dead, she wondered, was it mere habit which had kept him single, or did he do it on her account? Somewhat dimly, she began to see herself—how solitary her life was. Was his so too? She had despised him on account of his mundane tastes and material existence. Now she felt surprised to see how many mourned him—how missed, aye, respected he was. A vague regret rose within her that the course of this world was not so ordered that he might have drawn a little closer to her life, and a suspicion began to dawn upon her that her own might have been fuller and more wholesome for some of his strong sense.

Nothing in life causes that strange revulsion which follows death. It is the silence which speaks. And who can tell how much more wisdom may be in that voice than in all the songs of life?

For in the heyday of life, when our mouths are filled with laughter and our hearts with song, when the world is

young and flower-strewn, and the sun shines over all, then it is so hard to see the truth. We do not dwell upon skeletons—rocks are poetical figures. The world must be as we fancy it, and there are fairies in every flower. St. George and his dragon are facts, and saints are real, and miracles matters of course, and angels at hand, whenever we require them, to take us to their care. It is afterwards that questions arise. It is only when frosty Time has laid his thievish fingers upon the gladness, and the beauty falls apart—when the twilight of the long night deepens, it is then that we cry so bitterly for lights kindled by human hands, because God has left us in the darkness alone. The figures hurrying past us are dim in the atmosphere of uncertainty. We know them not, although they bear a strange resemblance to the friends of long ago. They would not understand our language if we hailed them—here, where we stumble sadly in the gathering darkness. Then in the lightning flash of death, when God sends his messenger of light, it is a supreme moment, and in that last struggle the mask is laid aside. The features look, in their rigidity, as they did in the days of youth; and then we know more of our brother man, and of the supreme mystery which we call God, than was shown to us by the beacon of religion, the revolving lights of science, or the flickering torch of philosophy.

These things are the guerdon of old age, the reward for long life spent bravely in the world, the recompense for many sorrows, many tears, and many a precious cross; and who shall say that anything experience or imagination can offer equals in value the prize of this hard won knowledge?

These were her thoughts when the vestry door opened and the vicar came out across the turf towards her. She hoped he had not seen her drop that violet. Not for the world would she have had any human being witness that action. She ranked it now among her follies, and smiled to think she should be so foolish in old age.

He was utterly ignorant of her feel-

ings, for he had not seen the episode, and came towards her with some surprise.

"What, you here, Miss Mayhew! What a crowd there was! I did not expect so many."

"Tom Lawes was very well known," she answered.

"I suppose so. I must own I was surprised to see how many appeared to feel his death; and he was a man who lived without God in the world."

"He was very kind-hearted."

"I think he must have been. Yet his way of life was almost heathen. He never came to church, and I saw very little of him. Still, he never opposed me — not actively, at least."

"It never was the way with his family to come to church."

"No; only those boys. And that's their mother's doing."

"And the surprise of the whole family."

After a pause the vicar asked, —

"Did you know him, Miss Mayhew?"

"I know him! Yes, very well, years ago. He was — a friend of my brother's — till they had a difference. After that we did not see so much of him."

There was a pause. The grave was full, and the diggers had only to shovel up the loose earth and make a tidy hillock.

"I fear he was a godless man," said the vicar. And as the other did not respond, he added sadly, "I fear it may have been my fault. I did not know how to approach him. I am so ignorant of the ways of such men's lives. God knows, there may have been something he felt."

The diggers scraped their boots against their spades, and proceeded to lay on the fresh mound the wreaths and flowers which had been left at the lych-gate. The senders of these tokens betrayed their taste in the style of the mementoes, for instead of the customary circlet or cross, the stephanotis and heliotrope were bound upon wire frames in the shape of horse-collars, and violets were massed into the form of horse-shoes.

"Everything in his life was foreign to my experience."

"Yes. It was a business which he inherited from his father, and they have lived like this for many generations."

"How strange that seems!"

Then, as they walked away together, the lady answered, —

"It was all strange — as you say, impossible for us to know what he may have felt."

And in her heart she added softly, "Poor Tom, God knows!"

From The New Review.

THE CASE FOR SWEDEN.

[THE work of a member of the Swedish Parliament, this statement, which is adapted to English uses from a publication by the Swedish National Association, may be accepted as setting forth with an approach to finality (1) the points at issue between Sweden and Norway; (2) the concessions which the stronger member of the Union is prepared to make; and (3) the terms on which she is willing to make them. It is hoped that the document, apart from its special purpose, may have a more than fugitive interest for a nation still menaced — so they tell us — with Home Rule. — W. E. H.]

THOUGH Swedes and Norwegians would seem geographically predestined to march peacefully side by side, it is unluckily notorious that the differences between the two races have grown graver during the last few years. We Swedes looked forward to the end of 1894 as the time when we might come to a definite understanding upon two points: Norway's actual demands, and her general position as regards the Union with Sweden. The hour has struck, and, though nothing could exceed the interest shown in the recent election by the whole Norwegian people, we are still as much as ever in the dark as to the Norwegian claim.

There is, nevertheless, a means of avoiding consequences disastrous to our common prosperity, and the expedient lies in our own hand. There are

— firstly — vital interests which Sweden will never surrender; and there are — secondly — minor issues upon which compromise is possible. These points must be defined with energy and — above all — with unanimity. The vital issues for Sweden are embodied in a code of fundamental laws: the result of centuries of political development. Before we abandon to any but a Swede the dignified and responsible post of foreign minister, it behoves us to ensure that the change be accompanied by provisions which shall safeguard the inviolability of the Constitution, and shall leave us with undiminished resources for self-defence. Writing from the Swedish standpoint in the interests of the Union and in conformity with the aims of the Swedish National Association, I shall strive in these pages to show the irreducible minimum which such safeguards must include.

Among other reciprocal recriminations, the Swedes have often accused the Norwegians of a gross contempt for the existing law, of ignoring the claims of justice, and of rank ingratitude. The Norwegians reply that there is no debt of gratitude, and as a controversial retort the answer is sufficient. Yet it is undeniable that, thanks to Swedish policy, Norway has (a) shaken off the Danish yoke, (b) that she has acquired complete independence in all local matters, and (c) that she has received further concessions which have contributed to her present prosperity. None the less is it true that gratitude is not necessarily due to those whose policy benefits you. And, in any case, one must candidly admit that solicitude for Norway's welfare was not the prime motor of Swedish diplomacy. When Sweden, abandoning all hope of recovering either Finland or the south Baltic Provinces, induced Denmark to resign Norway under the Kiel Treaty, her aim was less to secure Norwegian liberty than to obtain compensation for the cession of Finland. The terms of alliance were proposed by her in the hope of grappling Norway to the Union with stronger hooks than any forged by force; and to achieve this end she also

made considerable pecuniary concessions to her partner. The sole justification of this policy is that it was thought advantageous to Swedish interests; for the main concern of every government is the welfare of its own people. To sacrifice this welfare in the interests of another race is indefensible; and the pretensions of Norway needs must be examined from the Swedish point of view.

No Norwegian claim — however specious on the face of it — can be entertained if it imperil the integrity of the Union, if it diminish the defensive strength of the two nations, or if it restrict the power of Sweden to safeguard her own interests. In accordance with the Act of Union, the separation which exists as regards home affairs is superseded in relation to foreign affairs by strict unity under Sweden's headship; hence the foreign minister of both countries has invariably been a member of the Swedish Cabinet, responsible in the last resort to the Swedish constituencies, and to them alone. But, since Norway has arrived at the consciousness of her own importance, two new proposals have been made: (1) that there should be a separate foreign minister for Norway; and (2) that, while maintaining the Foreign Office as it stands, the administration should be so re-organized that Norwegians should be eligible for the post of foreign minister, which official should, further, be responsible to both Parliaments, instead of, as now, to the Swedish Parliament alone.

The first proposal, fathered by the Norwegian Left, amounts to a repeal of the Union — and that under circumstances which would cover Sweden with dishonor. The alternative, for which the Norwegian Right is responsible, is another matter. That the foreign minister should be a joint official, instead of a Swedish minister, is not necessarily a proposal endangering the Union; and it may even be argued that under its adoption due restrictions would tend to strengthen the Union. The undeniable difference is, however, less than appears at first sight. The

leaders of the Right seem to think that the nomination of separate consuls for Norway — and *a fortiori* for Sweden — is compatible with united action in the sphere of foreign affairs. But it is evident that the overthrow of the existing system — under which one consul, Norwegian or Swede, as the case may be, represents both nations — will destroy the joint diplomatic service in the first place, and the joint management of foreign affairs in the second. And this is precisely what the Left desires. Therefore, as a preliminary to discussing the proposal to convert the Foreign Office into a joint institution, Sweden is bound to insist that it be based on the unalterable principle of absolute unity as regards all foreign business; and, therefore, as regards all consular and diplomatic appointments.

The proposal of the Left, that each country should manage its own foreign affairs, implies a legal cleavage in the present responsibility of the foreign minister; in other words, it implies that just as the Swedish foreign minister is responsible solely to the Swedish Parliament, so the Norwegian foreign minister shall be responsible solely to the Norwegian Parliament. The programme of the Right, advocating the joint nature of the Foreign Office, implies withdrawal from exclusively Swedish control; in other words, it implies that the foreign minister shall be responsible to both nations combined. But it is extremely doubtful if this is what is meant by the Norwegian Right. When it speaks of a foreign minister responsible to both nations, it may merely mean that Norway should share with Sweden the right of censuring those who are entrusted with the management of the foreign affairs of both nations; a very proper claim, if the right of censure be lodged in a body representative of both nations. In fact, to judge by their speeches, the proposal involves the creation of a special tribunal, composed of both races, with the right of calling to account the conjoint foreign minister. On the other hand, it may be

intended that this right shall reside in the Swedish and Norwegian Parliaments *separately*, and that each nation — through her representatives or through committees nominated *ad hoc* — should be empowered to exact from the foreign minister a detailed report of his proceedings.

Such a course of procedure might lead to a vote of censure, to an outcry for the minister's dismissal, or even to an impeachment; and the tendency of our politics makes it likely that this species of ostracism will be exercised more frequently in the future. With critics in two Parliaments, the responsibility of a joint department for foreign affairs must be divided, and the possible consequences are obvious. On the self-same day, the Norwegian Parliament at Christiania might be clamoring for the dismissal of a minister while the Swedish Assembly at Stockholm was expressing its entire confidence in him. The acceptance or rejection of a minister's policy would depend on the amount of pressure brought to bear at headquarters. And, in this connection, one must emphasize the different relations in which the sovereign stands to the two representative bodies. The ample resources of the Norwegian Parliament, and — thanks to a Single Chamber system — the remorseless unscrupulousness with which that Parliament habitually abuses its powers, leave no doubt as to results. In every disputed case the Norwegians would carry their point. In practice, the proposal of the Norwegian Moderates would be more disastrous for Sweden than the programme of the Radicals. The latter would give to Norway plenary power over Norway's foreign affairs; the former would make Norway mistress of her own destiny, and of Sweden's as well. In view of such possibilities Sweden must perforce maintain her position as predominant partner in the management of the Union's foreign affairs, unless — and this is an indispensable condition — the prospective re-organization of the Foreign Office be so handled that its control be vested in the hands of a special body repre-

senting both nations: Neither Parliament, that is, shall possess the power of inspecting the Foreign Office Reports; and Clause 75 of the Norwegian Constitution—under which all ministers may be examined upon their conduct of official business—shall lapse as regards the Union officials, and, further, as regards the members of the Joint Council for Foreign Affairs.

Again, the proposed special Council for Foreign Affairs would, presumably, consist of members of both Scandinavian Cabinets with the foreign minister as president. But this arrangement, while entrusting foreign affairs to a body nominally independent of both representative assemblies, would still enable the Norwegian Parliament to exercise an undue influence on the foreign policy of both nations. Under the Norwegian Constitution, the Parliamentary responsibility of ministers is defined in such terms that Parliament may act as at once accuser and judge. Of the two divisions of the Norwegian House, the *Lagting*, or Upper Section, pronounces sentence, while the *Odels-ting*, or Lower Section, undertakes the impeachment. If in a House of one hundred and fourteen one party numbers sixty-nine, judicious management will give that party a majority in both sections and will enable it to impeach and punish at will. Should its voting strength be insufficient the accusation can be postponed till the necessary majority be secured at a general election. Both in '82 and in '94 this course was actually followed. Nor is it—as in Sweden—merely illegal procedure on the Council's part which comes within the powers of the Norwegian Constitution. That the king's ministers act on other principles than those of an existing majority is enough to justify their impeachment and punishment. And the sentence may be a ruinous fine, or a declaration of incapacity for office, or imprisonment with hard labor, or punishment for high treason. To all practical purpose, then, an unscrupulous majority is omnipotent. Its menace of impeachment may force ministers to advise the sov-

ereign to yield to Parliament; and if this advice be rejected, the Cabinet may be compelled to resign. And, as the same threat may be used against every possible ministry, the king is placed in this dilemma: either he must rule, in defiance of the law, without Norwegian ministers; or he must sanction a Parliamentary decree which he believes to be disastrous to the country's welfare.

This is no mere speculation. By such tactics the Norwegian Radicals, in '84, compelled the king to abdicate his functions and to surrender his prerogative of veto as regards the fundamental law of the Constitution. To this pretension the Swedish government replied by a solemn declaration that the royal veto is distinctly implied in the very terms of the Act of Union. Again, in '92, the Norwegian Radicals played the same game. The king refused to sanction a Parliamentary vote in favor of separate Norwegian consuls; whereupon the political machine was paralyzed for a month. Nor did the Norwegian ministers abandon these tactics, of enforcing surrender by making all government impossible, till the Opposition humbly implored them to resume office. In the spring of '93, the same strategy was only checked by the formation of a Conservative Cabinet; and even so, the new administration declared that, like its Radical forerunner, it would not counsel resistance to the motion in favor of a separate Norwegian consular service. The question was then left over until the general election of '94. The Left secured a majority which makes it impossible for the Right to hold office; and, being once more in possession of the tremendous machinery of Norwegian politics, it will direct a peremptory address to the king. The Conservative minister, Stang, has told how this address will run: "Since the Radicals, by such and such a majority, so desire it, you [the king] must arrange the matter, even though the Union be imperilled, by conceding our demands and by ignoring Sweden. Otherwise no form of government will be tolerated

in Norway at all." This being the position, it must be said plainly that, so long as the Norwegian law defining the relation between ministers and Parliament remains in force, Sweden will resolutely oppose any such re-organization of the Foreign Office as would tend to increase Norwegian influence.

It would be possible to draft an enactment making the Joint Council as irresponsible to either Parliament as is the foreign minister himself ; but this would not be enough. The policy of the Norwegian members of the Council would become known and their fate would depend upon the vigor with which they pushed Norwegian interests. To avoid the impeachment of Norwegian ministers on the one hand, and on the other to escape the risk of "no form of government being tolerated in Norway at all," the sovereign would, in effect, be compelled to attach a greater importance than is right to the views of the Norwegian councillors, with the result that, in most cases, Norwegian interests would outweigh those of Sweden. Such a state of things would be so intolerable that, before entertaining the idea of transferring the guardianship of foreign affairs to a Joint Council, Sweden must insist on the remodelling of that Norwegian law (Clause 86 of the Constitution) which bears upon ministerial impeachment.

Another gross blot on the Norwegian Constitution is that it does not empower the king to dissolve Parliament at all. Once elected, the triennial Assembly must complete its term. There may have been a great change in public opinion ; there may be overwhelming reasons for a fresh appeal to the country. In any case the king is powerless. For a year or more he may have a hostile Cabinet thrust upon him, whose existence is bound up with that of a scratch majority which has outlived its mandate. To prevent Norwegian influence on Swedish business from being greater than it actually is, the proposed transformation of the Foreign Office must be accompanied by the insertion in the Norwegian Consti-

tution of a paragraph conferring on the king the power of dissolving Parliament.

More : Sweden must take hostages against the possibility of such safeguards being annulled after the re-organization has taken place. And she must further guard against the modification of the Norwegian law in other respects, *e.g.*, by any transference from the king to the Parliament of the right of nomination to the Council. It will doubtless be said that so much provision denotes an insolent mistrust on the part of Sweden. The answer is that such mistrust is amply justified by Norway's mode of escaping her treaty obligations as regards the defence of the Union. The essential guarantees must also include a proviso that no change in the Fundamental Law of Norway can take effect without the royal assent. It is beyond dispute that this was taken for granted when the existing law was drafted. And its importance to the stability of the Union was shown by the above-mentioned declaration of the Swedish Cabinet in '84 : that under the Treaty of Union no change of Fundamental Law can be made either in Norway or Sweden without the sovereign's sanction. For the protection of Swedish interests, the king's veto, established by law in the fabric of the Norwegian Constitution, is an indispensable preliminary condition to the removal of foreign affairs to the hands of a Joint Council.

If Sweden consent to yield her established position as prime agent in the system of foreign politics, or if this legal right be shared with Norway, the relation of the two branches of the Scandinavian race will be radically changed. To justify this innovation, it is not enough to say that Sweden cannot lose by it. We know where we are to-day ; we cannot forecast the morrow. The present system has been proved ; the possibilities of the new one may be still worse. In the interest of self-preservation, a State may not forego its rights for the satisfaction of its neighbor's ambition. If it does so forego its rights — save at the sword's

point — it exacts conditions which assure it a position no whit less advantageous to the national honor and the national prosperity. The contention is that the new proposals afford just such an opportunity. The Union, founded by Sweden for her own security, will gain — it is urged — in strength and stability by admitting Norway to an equal share in the administration of Union business. Norway's interests would then be inseparably bound up in the continuance of the Union; while the prolongation of the present system tends to exasperate Norwegian disaffection to a point that may reach disruption. This is the old argument; we in Sweden know it too well. How stands it in the past? By the Treaty of Union Norway was granted local autonomy; in such grave matters as the choice of the sovereign and of the heir to the throne, she was raised to an equality with Sweden. And from the first day to the last the history of the Union is one eternal record of Swedish concessions in the hope that a magnanimous policy would amalgamate two kindred races and consolidate their alliance. And the result? Every effort to weld the two nations into one by means of common laws and common institutions has been baffled. Every change within the Union has been separatist in tendency. And the original sentiments of aversion and of fear, with which the Norwegians regarded Sweden, have changed for the worse: the aversion has deepened, the fear has turned to contempt. Not otherwise can you explain the arrogance of Norway; not otherwise can you account for the threat to rend the Union in twain if her demands be not paid in full.

Doubtless it is our duty to allay, as far as may be, the Norwegian disaffection; for the maintenance of the Union — brought about, as it was, by costly sacrifices — is to us a matter of mortal importance. But if we give ear to the Norwegian vaunts and menaces, it is evident that all Swedish interests would have to yield to those of Norway. It is, moreover, worth while

remarking that the existence of the Union is not, after all, a matter for the Norwegians alone. Into that Union Norway was brought almost by force; and it in no way depends on her wishes whether that Union shall, or shall not, continue. Of course, as a discontented Norway weakens the Union, all genuine grievances must be relieved. But we must see to it that the remedy be not worse than the disease. Important as it may be that Norway should be on good terms with her ally, it is — at the lowest — not less important that the Union should redound to Swedish prosperity and to Swedish honor. And as every day shows more clearly the abject failure of the simple, old policy of conciliation, we in Sweden hold that, before abandoning our few remaining rights, we must ensure that our final sacrifice in the cause of the Union be not in vain. And the least that justice calls for is that, if Norway be admitted to an equality with Sweden in the control of diplomatic relations, there shall be a corresponding equality — proportionately to population — in respect to taxation under these three heads:—

- (1) The proper maintenance of the Rulers who represent the Union in relation to other powers (Estimates for the support of the Throne).
- (2) The Department of Foreign Politics (Estimates for the Foreign Office, the Diplomatic Corps, and the Consular Service).
- (3) The execution of the policy sanctioned by the Sovereign on the initiative of the single Foreign Ministers for both nations (Supplies for the Defence of the Union).

In other words, regard being had to her resources, on Norway shall fall such burdens as shall correspond to the new privileges conceded by Sweden. And, as regards (1) the Estimates for the support of the Throne: her contribution need not exceed its present amount. But in '93 and '94, her Parliament took upon itself to curtail the annual grant for this purpose, on the

ground that, in matters affecting both nations, the sovereign had not given effect to the Norwegian view. It will, therefore, be necessary for us to exact an enactment which shall prevent the Norwegian Parliament from thus abusing their power of granting supplies. Then, in respect to (2) the Foreign Office Estimates: the contribution made by Norway up to '92 would suffice; with an addition inseparable from the proposed re-organization. Norway must pay her share of the salary of the future foreign minister in his capacity of joint official. Here, again, in '93 and '94 there was tampering with regard to the Foreign Office grant. And, as this tampering was attempted, in flagrant disregard of Swedish opinion, with the aim of subverting—or at least reconstructing—the institution to which this grant was destined, we must pass a statute which shall deprive the Norwegian Parliament of its right to decide these questions separately.

Last of all, in so far as concerns (3) the Supplies for the Defence of the Union: it is notorious that the Norwegian Parliament has made a bad use of its power in the interest of the two nations. All the same, this is not our chief reason for insisting that any radical change at the Foreign Office must be accompanied by the stringent definition of Norway's obligations in view of the defence of the Union. Our chief reason is the intimate, indissoluble connection between (a) the right of sharing the diplomatic administration, and (b) the duty of sharing the perils which the exercise of such right may entail. In entering the Union, Norway's chief fear was that the Swedish alliance would involve her in war; and—to Norwegian eyes—the risk loomed all the larger since Sweden's predominance in foreign policy was unquestioned. Hereupon the Norwegians cast about for some means of avoiding such dangers as seemed most incident to the Swedish administration of foreign affairs. First there came certain proposals to restrict the king's right of employing the Norwegian forces in the cause of the allied

nations. And of these proposals—finally included in Clause 25 of the Norwegian Constitution—the general drift is that neither the Norwegian army nor the Norwegian coast flotilla is available for aggression save with the express consent of the Norwegian Parliament. Further, that portion of the army called the *Landvörn* (militia) cannot—even did Parliament give its sanction—be sent across the Norwegian frontier; and this enactment applies equally to all arms save the Line. This is not the place to argue whether it be wise or not to hamper the disposition of an army by enacting that a Parliamentary sanction is needed before certain troops can be used aggressively. What concerns us here is this: that by law the king is free to handle, as seems best, the whole Swedish force by land and sea, while his right in that of Norway is limited to the fleet. Army and coast flotilla he cannot move, unless assured that the Norwegian Parliament does not regard the war as aggressive. And, inasmuch as the Norwegians are so fond of hair-splitting, it is fair to ask: What war a Norwegian Parliament would not be able to declare aggressive if need were?

Not only thus did the Norwegian draughtsmen of the Treaty of '14 seek to shelter Norway from the dangers of a too adventurous foreign policy. Lest her army be exhausted in the Swedish cause, it was decreed—as we have seen—that none but the Line should be employed beyond her frontier. Thus, at a stroke, one whole section of her army was exempted from all part in the defence of Scandinavia; and the decree was so worded that her Parliament could not, even if it would, empower such employ. Moreover, a closer examination of these evasions shows the more flagrantly how consistently she has sought to shirk her share in the burden of the common defence. By ill hap, in consenting to these clauses of the Norwegian Constitution, we failed to exact a plain definition of what was meant by Line and what by *Landvörn*; at the same time that we

omitted to have set down in black and white the effective strengths of these two branches. Taking advantage of this error, Norway transfers as many troops as she chooses to that branch which is kept at home; and this is the more easily achieved, as on matters of military organization a Parliamentary resolution has no need of the royal assent.

Should the proposed Joint Foreign Office come into being, all these restrictions must go by the board. When Sweden alone directed both countries' foreign policy, there was, perhaps, some excuse for them. With a divided responsibility, the reasons for such restrictions cease; and the restrictions will cease with them. The Swedish Parliament will have no right to debate the question whether such and such troops shall be garrisoned here or garrisoned there; and, on the basis of equality which Norway claims, the Norwegian title lapses too. Neither will the Norwegian Parliament decide what proportion of Norwegian troops shall be detailed to execute the operations which a joint foreign policy may necessitate. If Sweden acknowledge Norway's right to share in the direction of the foreign policy of the Union, Norway, on her side, must acknowledge her obligation to contribute to the execution of that policy. And the stipulation must be drawn in terms so definite as to make it impossible for her to evade her responsibilities.

So obvious is the justice of the Swedish claim, that even Norwegian politicians have frankly admitted it. The Conservative Professor Aschehoug spoke as follows in the Norwegian Parliament in '71:—

All rights or privileges entail corresponding duties. Should a new Act of Union concede to us a share in the direction of foreign politics, we must be ready to incur the specific obligation of contributing towards the expense of executing the policy of the Joint Council. Privilege and duty are so intimately connected that their separation is impossible. And in this question of Joint Defence, I am convinced that we shall never acquire—at least, by con-

stitutional means—our share in the control of diplomatic business till we consent to share the burdens inseparable from that control.

And twenty years later, the Radical Doctor Sigurd Ibsen declared himself in the same sense:—

To my mind the proposed amendment of Clause 25 is the logical outcome of our claim for equal rights: if Norway and Sweden be made equals as regards the control of foreign policy, it is just that the military responsibility be made equal too.

Now, the Norwegian method of manipulating the clause forbidding the employment of the *Landvårn* beyond the Norwegian frontier, makes its repeal imperative. For, be it noted, that when we sanctioned that clause, the *Landvårn* was something quite other than what it is. It was then no part of the regular army; it was simply a reserve of nine thousand men as against twenty-three thousand troops of the Line. So things stood in '14, when the Treaty of Union was drafted. But, by '44, these proportions had been so altered that the Joint Commission charged with the drafting of a new Act of Union, described the *Landvårn* as "perhaps the most important branch of the Norwegian forces." And, thanks to the recent re-organization under the Army Act of '85, the description is truer now than it was before. By the new law, the effective force is classified under three heads—Regulars, *Landvårn*, and Reserves; and there is a further sub-division into thirteen groups, according to age. Five of these groups are included among the Regulars, whose strength must not exceed eighteen thousand men, save by special grace of the Norwegian Parliament; the remaining eight are divided equally between the *Landvårn* and the Reserves; so that the Norwegian troops available for the defence of the Union, as compared with those available for home service only, are in a ratio of five to eight! And, in truth, the disparity is even greater; for the law of '85 reduced the length of service of the Regulars and extended the term

for the first division of the *Landværn*, so that the proportion is as thirty-seven to sixty-three. And the thing works out thus. By the Act of Union one-fourth of the Norwegian force was to be employed solely for home service; in '94 the proportion of Norwegians escaping the duty of defence is almost two-thirds. Further, by the treaty of '14, twenty-three thousand Norwegians were available for defence. Since then, the population has more than doubled; but the number of men effective for this purpose has fallen to eighteen thousand. As for the Norwegian fleet, the sovereign has unrestricted power over it. Consequently, it has been so starved, that it can scarcely count an efficient ironclad.

Before the suggested transfer of foreign affairs can take place, it is our imperative duty to insist that the Norwegian obligations as regards the defence of the Union be set forth in terms so definite as to end all shuffling. That these terms will be unacceptable to Norway is likely enough. But with Norwegian wishes the Swedes have no immediate concern. The first duty of the Swedish government is to foster the interests of the Swedish people. Equality of rights implies an equality of duties. Sweden is asked to share her privilege of exclusive diplomatic predominance with a nation whose conception of reciprocal duty is—as we have seen—of a somewhat primitive kind. Did she consent to this, without assuring herself a corresponding increase of defensive strength, her negligence would amount to a national crime. In view of the nature of the Norwegian Constitution, in view of the political tendencies of the Norwegian people, she owes it to herself to exact the guarantees herein set down. The Union was founded to protect the interests and the honor of the land; and we are determined that by no manipulation shall the Union be made the instrument of its ruin.

A SWEDISH M.P.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
CHINA'S EXTREMITY.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN CHINA.)

TIENTSIN, January 25.

HER best friends would fain look for radical reforms in China as the result of her present tribulation. Such expectations have been formed after every exposure of her incapacity for self-defence which has occurred during the last half-century. But they have been disappointed, as they are not unlikely to be once more. The principle of regeneration seems wanting in the Chinese; possibly the nation is overgrown, and wants adequate vitality in its nervous centres.

Other countries, it is argued, have emerged from as deep abysses as that in which China is now engulfed. The abasement of Prussia, for example, under the Napoleonic scourge may be pointed to as a degradation which worked its own cure, for the whip of the conqueror in that instance did rouse the spirit of the people. But the case is not parallel with that of China, and the apparent similarity of the two situations is deceptive. Two substances may look much alike, and yet give very different chemical reactions. So with men. You must look behind the visible to the invisible which animates it before drawing valid comparisons.

Between the condition of China and that of Germany in the Napoleonic era, the radical difference seems to be, that the Western country really was degraded, had fallen from a higher to a lower state, and might therefore recover itself, while the Eastern has not been degraded at all in any proper sense of the word. She has not fallen, but has only been discovered and found out in the state in which she has ever been. With China, therefore, recovery would be a miraculous birth, lifting her to a plane of existence never before touched.

The diversities between the Chinese and other races, though proverbial, need to be insisted on if we would avoid erroneous conclusions from false analogies; and it is highly important,

in the present critical situation of eastern Asia, that Great Britain, at all events, should avoid fallacious inferences from the disclosures that are taking place. Doubtless underneath all diversities lies the bed-rock of common humanity, the sensations of hunger and thirst, and the passions of love and hate. Above these diversities, again, there is a region of superficial likeness between the Chinese and ourselves; for, when we get to reading the same books and talking the same language, it is difficult to realize the gulf that may still separate the Chinese mind from our own. A Europeanized secretary of legation, or naval officer, or raw student, or what you will, may descant on the corruption and impotence of China more unsparingly, perhaps, than the harshest of foreign critics. A score or two of this sort, one is apt to say, would surely reform the empire. Yet among their native surroundings these prophets of altruistic purity usually drop the lip-born virtues as easily as one slips off a cloak, and opportunity only is needed to prove their kinship with the unregenerate.

These superficial strata of consciousness furnish a medium which serves the purposes of business intercourse, though it does not carry us beyond the merest commonplaces of social relations. When we dip into the middle strata, we are met by contradictions of thought and of feeling which defy accommodation. The duties, the aims, and the pleasures of life, the bonds which bind men together, and the forces which drive them apart, all assume a complexion so different that we cannot longer reason from the one to the other as if they were things of generic identity. As far as the east is distant from the west are the mental springs of the Eastern divided from those of the Western peoples.

These fanciful mental compartments may serve to suggest a possible reconciliation between apparently opposite views of Chinese character as seen through European spectacles. Primitive humanity uniting us all at the bottom; an impassable chasm in the

middle; and again an illusory concord of mental processes at the surface. Through the refractions of this upper medium, we are apt to be led astray in our attempts to follow the operations of the Chinese mind; for as soon as we travel beyond the well-mapped province of simple commerce, we begin to mistake Cape Flyaway for solid land. Using the reasons and deductions stamped with the hall-mark of Christendom as if they were current coin also in the Chinese mart, is like ploughing the sand. This is by no means an academical, but an eminently practical thesis; for from our fallacious appreciations proceed our fatuous dealings with the Chinese outside of the commercial sphere—our Tibetan and Burmese farces, our opium conventions, and the rest of our sterile attempts to conciliate, by sacrifice, a people and government who are moved by our caresses no more than the dean and chapter of St. Paul's would be moved by scratching the dome of the cathedral. Conciliation is no doubt good if gone about on a basis of fact, but the method of Great Britain towards China has been both expensive and destructive of the very end in view. And if the British government, misled, it may be, by people having a personal interest in feeding the fallacy—although it had its own qualified agents on the spot to tell the truth when required—could be so far deceived as to the character of the government of China, it is small blame to the general public if they also have failed to make a juster appreciation.

Without further preamble, then: the world has been looking on for the last nine months at the strangest thing it has seen for many centuries, perhaps indeed the most notable thing that has ever been seen in the Eastern hemisphere. It is not only that one part of the great East has risen in arms against another, for that has frequently happened; but it is a nation new-born, which, though the farthest east—so far east, indeed, as to approach the meridian of the extreme west—has equipped itself *cap-à-pie* in the whole

armor of the West, which has risen on the grand Rip van Winkle of nations, and has not only conquered but routed it, and walked over one of its provinces, like a sportsman among the September turnips. From all the accounts that have come to hand, it appears that, with the exception of the naval battle off the Yalu, and the stubborn stand made by General Tso pu Kwei at Ping Yang, there has been no real fighting. The campaign has been a series of autumn manoeuvres, in which the obstacles were standing crops, in different roads, and slow transport. The Chinese troops which have been massed at various points have—with the exception of General Tso's Mohammedans and part of the force under General Sung—fired a few random shots and "skedaddled" along pre-arranged routes. The men have thereupon made the best of their retreat, helping themselves as they went along to the necessities of life, and the more evil-disposed among them falling into violence and outrage. Many have no doubt strayed off and taken to brigandage, some have returned with spoils to their homes, and perhaps the better half have rallied round their leader, ready to repeat the same formalities a hundred miles nearer home. Eyewitnesses declare there has been—as there always is—much exaggeration in the popular apprehension of the outrages of the beaten soldiers, and that wherever the men received reasonable hospitality, and were enabled to satisfy their hunger as they passed, the villages had little to complain of in the way of violence.

In the beginning there may have been some hope that by masses and sheer doggedness the Chinese might make some stand against their invaders. But when, at the very first encounter, it was proved to them that with their defective arms, their loose discipline, and antiquated organization they had no chance whatever, the Chinese forces thenceforward abandoned all idea of fighting. Fugitives with their backs full of bullet-holes impressed all the troops they met in

their retreat with exaggerated terror of the enemy; and resistance practically was at an end.

The causes of the military collapse of China are many. The system of administration is like a ship with a hundred leaks, any one of which is sufficient to sink her. Whether the men under a different system could be formed into an army fit to cope with a serious enemy is a matter of speculation. For the present it is the men under existing conditions that claim our attention.

One epithet describes not only the military, but every other State department in China: it is "make-believe." No matter how excellent any system may be in theory, it would break down in practice under this fatal qualification as soon as it came into collision with anything that tested it. In war, the Chinese are in the wooden-gun-and-painted-tiger stage, illusion pervades everything, and there is a general tacit acquiescence in deception. This base coinage serves internal needs, since it passes current in the country, but for external use it is naught.

Thus, when we speak of numbers, there is no possibility of ascertaining them. Nobody knows, and nobody immediately concerned cares to know, how many troops are here, there, or anywhere. In making up estimates, the total number ordered, or authorized, is reckoned as already with the colors, even though not a single recruit may have gone through the goose-step. It is the same with arms. The order is deemed equivalent to the execution in any return that may be called for. Armies are in this manner conventionally represented as already in the field, at specified points, fully equipped, which have not, in fact, passed into the paper stage of existence. The emperor and his court, the men who may be considered the authorities of China, are firmly persuaded that there are two hundred and fifty thousand men now under arms in northern China, and Wu Ta-ch'eng, the imperial commissioner for the defence of Shan-hai-kwan, and Liu Kun-yi, lately

appointed to the supreme command of the forces, both of them civilians without any military training whatever, are said to be perfectly confident of their power to repel any Japanese attack. Thus the confidence of the government is built up on transparently fictitious grounds. There is no conscious fraud in this. It is but the mental habit of a people who use facts and numbers in a more or less abstract sense,—always excepting when they relate to the one subject on which the Chinese compass-needle never deviates, money. And it is the paramount authority of money that perverts Chinese executive methods, so that the service of the State is wholly subordinated to the personal profit of the officials.

Almost everything connected with public affairs is made up of a reality and a fiction, and is understood so to be. This duality seems to belong to the mental structure of the people, so that it is customary to make use of the fiction to save the truth for perhaps great occasions. The true reason is neither given nor expected to be given even for the simplest thing; and when the right thing is done, it is usually on false grounds. An official, for example, may be condemned deservedly, but it is ten to one that he is not guilty of the charges actually preferred against him. The natural instinct of the race prompts them to this peculiar form of economy of truth. An English missionary doctor who had a very small and inconvenient hospital, into which Chinese stragglers were crowding while he was attending to the patients, told his attendant to clear them out, and he did so. But the man explained to them that they had all sorts of infectious diseases there, which some of them would be sure to catch, then there would be great trouble, and "who would be responsible?" So, exhorting the crowd, he hustled them gently to the door. To lay falsehood to the charge of the Chinese on account of this peculiarity would be as inept as to charge a butterfly with frivolity. What would in another

hemisphere stand out like a rock as falsehood or rank perjury, is in China covered by the tide of the prevailing morality. Deceit itself ceases to deceive in such surroundings.

Obviously these loose mental habits of the nation admirably subserve the private schemes of officials, which are anything but loose. That nebulous region of numbers is their richest pasture-ground. No device could be more seductive than the faculty of drawing pay for non-existent troops, nor could there be imagined a more convenient stepping-stone to extended and comprehensive frauds on the State—frauds which must be tolerated because every one who could criticise is himself in need of toleration, and there is none to raise the hue and cry. Let us imagine a commander intrusted with funds to raise one thousand men. He does not in his own mind contemplate more than five hundred, and perhaps has not got beyond one hundred when he begins drawing funds for arms for his full complement. As nobody is looking on whom any one cares for, the general, if an economical man, will perhaps consider it a waste of good material to arm more than half the men who answer the roll-call. Of all the forces of Chinese in the field, it is, in fact, only a small proportion that are armed at all. And so the vista of temptation opens wider and wider in a system which is one gigantic make-believe. The generals in the army and the officials in all other lucrative posts in the empire of course protect their good husbandry by liberal *douceurs* to their superiors, which secure them in their posts, and consequently in their means of living and doing well by their families. Needless to say how perfectly the clan and family arrangements fit into these schemes of economy!

It is, then, under this system that thousands of troops have been hurried to the front—not, however, above one-third of the official numbers—without any drill, great numbers without arms of any kind, a small percentage armed with rifles, the rest with spears and extemporized weapons. A

foreign military *attaché* who was in Manchuria in November, and came across the advanced guard of General Sung's force, consisting of about one thousand men, observed that the bulk of the troops were armed with gingalls, a small proportion with rifles of sorts, and of that small number he counted arms of thirteen different patterns, requiring different ammunition. The most important fortress, Port Arthur, was defended by untrained recruits, the proper garrison having been sent to the front through the blind orders of the court, nobody contradicting. In the catalogue the recruits went for men, and that was all that the severest etiquette required.

In the army there are troops which have been drilled commanded by officers who have not. Students from the military schools have the mortification to see the enemy manœuvring in the very way they had themselves been taught by their German instructors, while their own unschooled leaders were conducting them in battalions to destruction or in mobs to disgrace. Small wonder if, after a few such experiences, the troops should follow their officers to places of safety. Retreat has in fact become the order of the day in the campaign, but even that modest movement has not escaped the taint of sham and fraud. Generals march off, and report themselves at such and such places with their troops, and official reports state that there is General So-and-so with his army. The naked truth is that the general escaped in the garb of a peasant, and, like Sir John Cope, left his troops to their own devices, while he, with one or two attendants, followed his.

These are but the simplest expression of the great principle of simulation which pervades Chinese life like a vapor. Outside the province of trade it may be generally assumed that nothing is what it professes to be. The inadequacy of arsenals, fortresses, ships, armaments, and armies is but the partial exposure of the universal sham. They were all imitations, with the saving element, the spirit of the thing, studi-

ously left out, from motives of economy. China is in fact held together in the most marvellous way by her mere pretensions, with incredible economy of solid support; and she has also managed to impose her pretensions on the world. She lives on a prestige which has outlived its vouchers, as a merchant's credit sometimes outlives his substance. What China now suffers from is that her paper money is presented for payment, and there are no assets.

But it is, in truth, an appalling consideration that a nation of three hundred millions of people should be in this derelict condition, their government under the virtual dictation of foreigners, whether friendly or otherwise. And one involuntarily casts about for a remedy. Can the abuses not be eradicated by some drastic surgery, the officials purged of their vices, and the people rendered patriotic? Perhaps, when the leopard changes his spots. For the malady is not an ulcer which can be cut out, but an infection of the blood and the tissues. It is no family taint, which might be got rid of by judicious selection, but a disease which is innate in and common to the race. Individual exceptions, indeed, are not so rare as albinos among negroes; but practically the case is one of a pravity of public spirit so universal that bad has to be borne with because the alternative would be worse. Reform requires something sound to work upon, some whole cloth in the garment that is to be repaired; but this is just the condition which is lacking here. Reform would mean repentance and amendment. Who is there to repent? The officials who have done so badly? They only want the opportunity to do worse. Regret no doubt exists, but it is mostly on the part of those who envy their rivals the chances they have enjoyed of enriching themselves. If it be supposed that China, shamed and humbled, will henceforth mend her ways, all that can be said is that evidence of such wholesome feeling is absolutely wanting. There is, in this sense, neither a "China" to be ashamed nor

a China to be ashamed of. There is no "country" in our patriotic acceptance of the term, only a vast fortuitous concourse of individualities. On which of these is the sense of shame to operate? Every one will put it far away from himself. The people are intent on quite other matters, chiefly on the problem of keeping body and soul together. They are absolutely indifferent as to who governs them; loyal to the dynasty and grateful for its merciful rule, but with a loyalty which glows as the warmth of the sun on the surface of Neptune.

Statesmen and public officers whose plans have been upset by the turn of affairs no doubt feel personally interested in the issue. Conspicuous among these is the great viceroy, Li Hung-chang, who was primarily responsible for the coast defence which has so utterly broken down. He would, of course, do anything to retrieve his lost prestige, but the empire, as such, is, comparatively speaking, nothing to him; the sovereign scarcely more; and, like other bankrupt statesmen, he would peril all in any scheme which promised him a new lease of power. But would he use it more worthily than he has done in the past? There is not the slightest ground to suppose anything of the kind; all that is known, indeed, points rather in the opposite direction. Of the viceroy's subordinates and colleagues it is sufficient to say that they have the defects of their chief without his redeeming qualities.

If, then, there be no loyalty—to be reckoned with as an active force—either to the country, or to the dynasty, or to the reigning sovereign, no national feeling, where does the higher corrective sentiment come in which is to supply the motive-power for improvement of the national status? Were it even only the absence of the ennobling sentiment that stood in the way, some inspired man might possibly arise who would shake the dry bones into life. But, unfortunately, there is a definite as well as a vague and negative obstacle to reform. Military disaster,

which can usually be counted on to stir nations to energy, through the desire of revenge, produces no such effect on the Chinese, who hold all military affairs in the sincerest contempt. They are no more ashamed of defeat than a middle-aged householder of Clapham would be of being overpowered by a burglar. And they will pay ransom with all the resignation of a superior person who buys off a brigand. "Silent, deep disdain" is the attitude of the East towards the thundering legions. War they consider the attribute of savages, but as for them, they have ages ago passed through the barbarous stages of national existence. They hold war in detestation, and cannot even bear to learn the art. Chinese attempts at national defence consequently resemble the spasmodic efforts of the non-combatant householder, who, after the thieves have got over his garden-wall and into his plate-chest, yields to persuasion and procures himself a weapon. He will not, however, take the trouble to understand the horrid thing; it will presently become useless from neglect, and should the attack on his house be repeated, he will search in the dark for his cartridges, and will have forgotten how to load his revolver. This epitome of Chinese national defence would be still more complete if we suppose the servants of the good burgess leagued with the traders to rob him egregiously in the purchase of arms which he could never use.

But the prostrate condition of China as a power does not rest on mere arguments from general observation, for the government has given to the world specific proofs of its helplessness and hopelessness. The military collapse did indeed alarm the court; the emperor's advisers realized that the capital itself was not safe from invasion; and that, in short, the dynasty was in danger. They were at their wits' end, and cast about blindly for counsel. They were advised to adopt one of two courses—to conclude peace at once on any terms, or to prepare for a long war. If the latter alternative were decided

upon, the emperor must be prepared to migrate with his court into the interior of the country, and so place distance between himself and the invaders, while the defensive resources of the empire are being organized on a new and efficient plan. As generally happens, however, where conflicting views have to be reconciled, and when the decision finally rests where there is no personal knowledge to support it, an illogical compromise was made. The government chose the worst half of both alternatives, and in so doing exposed once more their shiftlessness to the mockery of their enemies and of the world. Their efforts to make peace can only be described as blindfold; they did not know how to set about it. They appealed to one neutral power after another to come to their help against the mighty, and they made an abject public surrender to the powers collectively, imploring them to intercede with their implacable foe. They despatched one mission after another to make their submission to Japan. Without continuity of counsel, either native or foreign, the government seemed to rush into one blind alley after another. Japan meanwhile calmly surveyed the convulsions of her victim, and was in no hurry to terminate his tortures. Thus was the peace-at-any-price side of the alternative advice followed out.

The other alternative which made for war was attended to with the like spasmodic zeal. Secret — or what passes for secret on the Chinese political stage — preparations were made for the flight of the court, not to a very great distance at first, but sufficient to keep well out of reach of the enemy. The ladies of the court were, however, to be at once sent to an inaccessible position, which would have involved, for them, an arduous journey, such as the empress-dowager, even in her youthful days, found a real *via dolorosa*.

The military forces were to be put into fighting order. The old native system had broken down in every part in the most ignominious manner;

there was not even a reserve which could be called out to retrieve the fortunes of the army, nor one of their hundred "generals" who could shed a ray of hope on the fate of the empire. The wisdom of the wise and the valor of the brave had been tried, and alike found wanting.

In this extremity the princes of the empire summoned to their counsel the man who had earned great renown in their service — the foreigner who had performed the prodigy of making the Chinese fleet fight in the battle of the Yalu. General von Hanneken had served the government already fifteen years in connection with the coast defence. Under his direction the fortifications of Port Arthur, Wei-hai-wei, and Talienhwan had been erected. These works required infinite patience, for whosoever undertakes service for the Chinese must be prepared for unspeakable obstruction from the very people he has engaged to serve. Von Hanneken had learned to cope with the vexatious intrigues of corrupt officials, had gained experience in commanding Chinese, and had mastered the language and official ceremonial. His had become a name to conjure with; he was the providential man.

General von Hanneken proceeded to Peking and met the members of the Tsungli Yamén, headed by Prince Kung, uncle of the emperor, recently called back to power after ten years' retirement, and Prince Ch'ing, who had been president of the Board during these ten years, but who had now yielded place to the former president. To their Highnesses and Excellencies General von Hanneken expounded in the downright fashion which becomes a soldier — and of which he had already given some samples in his report on the navy and the action of the Yalu — the true state of their army, and the measures which would be required to make it fit to perform the great function of defending the empire from foreign attack. The conditions under which the new army should be organized included some which were fundamental, as, for example: —

That it should be imperial, not provincial, under the direct control of the emperor, who should delegate the actual command to a prince of the blood ;

That it should consist of one hundred thousand men as a *minimum* ;

That the organization should be on the most approved European model, and that there should be two thousand European officers ;

That as the nominal commander-in-chief would have no knowledge of military affairs, he should be assisted by a chief of the staff, who must be a foreigner, since there are no Chinese competent ; and

That the supply of arms and disbursements of money should be under the control of the central authority.

These, with sundry subsidiary conditions, having been laid before them in a speech of great force and directness, the Chinese and Manchu ministers expressed themselves convinced of the necessity of the measures suggested, and requested the author of them to reduce the scheme to writing, which he did forthwith.

Now, this was a nauseous draught to administer to the emperor of China. It amounted to a root-and-branch condemnation of the whole military system of the empire, to a confession of the incompetence of Chinese officers, and the absolute superiority of foreigners. We have only to put ourselves for an instant in the place of the rulers of China to perceive that such admissions could only be drawn from them as the result of irretrievable disaster and the abandonment of all other hope. It is true that a similar admission had been made tacitly when Ward, Burgeoine, and Gordon were employed to suppress the Taeping rebels ; but that was a local and temporary expedient, and it challenged no Chinese principle, for the thing was done first and explained afterwards. It is one of the great merits of the Chinese never to seek to go behind accomplished facts ; and when this sequence can be followed —

fact first, theory afterwards — almost anything can be rendered palatable. In Von Henneken's case this line of least resistance could not be followed. The dogma in its repulsiveness had to be accepted before the first step could be taken towards realizing the wishes of the court.

It is necessary also to remember, in considering any such relations between Chinese and foreigners as those which were established between General von Henneken and the Chinese Foreign Board, that the foreigner always proposes something lasting, comprehensive, and capable of expansion, while the Chinese is thinking only of the exigencies of the moment. Whether the question be the conservancy of a river or the settlement of some great dispute, the slatternly order of mind invariably asserts itself, and the trouble is patched up, only to break out again on the earliest provocation. Dirt and squalor accord well with the indolence which tolerates nuisances of all sorts until they seem to be part of the normal order of things ; and it is the same "can-na-be-fashed" temper which is at the bottom of the ragged and rotten condition of the army. The imperial court did not really want an imperial army — had never, indeed, conceived the idea of it. What they did want was a plaster for the sore, not a cure. The enemy was at their gates, and they wanted him taken away by any means whatsoever. Their anxieties extended no further.

The anti-scientific Chinese mind runs so much on miraculous strategy or supernatural interference in the affairs of men, that it was as much as anything else the hope of eliciting some flash of intuition from a man whose name had become famous, that the Chinese ministers sought this conference with their foreign general. In China a name goes for much ; and, even after the experiences of the present war, everything is expected of commanders, without reference to the machinery with which they have to work. In their wars, as well as in famines and other calamities, the Chi-

nese are apt to look helplessly for a sign from heaven, and they are ready to take it from the most squalid of fortune-tellers. If heaven favors them, they will be saved. If not, vain is the help of man. The *Deus* is everything; the machine nothing. They are full of chimerical strategy of the wooden-horse order, and are consequently the ready-made prey of the charlatan. To the Western mind it is incredible that even children could believe what the greatest of Chinese statesmen believe. A couple of quacks were intercepted in Japan with a scheme in their heads for destroying the Japanese navy, which they were going to sell for a great price to the Chinese government. An American of no repute appeared a little later with another scheme for the annihilation of the Japanese army, also to be sold for a great price. The Chinese officials who were responsible for military arrangements were elated beyond measure; they spoke of the project in whispers; and the very men who stint ammunition for the troops would readily vote millions for an *ignis fatuus*.

Such being their normal frame of mind, the Chinese ministers must have received a shock from the blunt and brutal proposals of a real man. They had doubtless flattered themselves that he would come, like Elisha, and lay his hand over the place, and recover the leper by his magic touch and a little *hocus-pocus*. When they were told to put their house in order, to go and wash themselves in a stream of clear water, their countenance fell.

Taking all the circumstances into consideration, the Tsungli Yamên gave a creditable reception to the representations of General von Hanneken, the merit of which is undoubtedly due to the two Manchu princes, the president and vice-president of the Foreign Office. Those who have had experience of both have noted marked differences of character between the Manchus and the Chinese, the former being frank in speech, reasonable in action, just and gentlemanly, and can be spoken to as man to man. The traditional arrogance and exclusiveness

are essentially indigenous products, opposed to the Manchu genius. Prince Kung, called back to office with the prestige of a statesman of age and experience, and Prince Ch'ing, who had worthily filled the office of president of the Yamên since 1884, secured for the innovations of General von Hanneken a sympathetic hearing such as no Chinese statesmen, not even the most enlightened of them all, Li Hung-chang, would have accorded to them.

If we would still more fully realize the opposition which any scheme of military reform in China must encounter, we have only to reflect that what the government is called on to do is to resign its armed forces to the control of foreigners. In other words, it is invited to escape from the frying-pan by jumping into the fire. This is the crux of the whole matter. How is it possible for the government of any country to make this great renunciation, still more a Chinese government? For is not their whole administration built upon a foundation of distrust? It permeates every corner and crevice of their political and social system, and is a ruling factor in the adjustments of official authority, from the highest to the lowest grades. Distrust of their own people more than any other cause has prevented the creation of an imperial army in the past, a distrust sufficiently justified by history. But if they so profoundly distrust each other whom they know, how are they to bring themselves to trust strangers, who, besides being unknown, have the faculty of eluding the unpleasant consequences of their acts by the simple device of withdrawing from the country, which in no case would they ever make their home?

Nor is it only the individual who may initiate the military reform that they have to consider. He may, from his antecedents, inspire full confidence; but what of the thousands of officers of all grades who would have to be employed, or even the leader who should from time to time succeed to the *de facto* command? The Chinese government has hitherto been singularly well

served by its foreign employes, who have, as a rule, been men of integrity. And, considering the character of the employer, and the constant temptation to fall into Chinese ways, the loyalty of the foreigners has been quite remarkable. Yet even among them there have been examples to the contrary. Did not Burgeoine, when provoked beyond endurance by the obstruction of his mandarins, propose to Gordon that they should go over bodily to the rebels and carry on the war against the government? Burgeoine's provocations are precisely what every foreigner employed by the Chinese government has to endure.

The aversion of the Chinese to intrust their defences to foreigners is one of the principles to which the government has been constant, as has been proved on various occasions by indisputable evidence. Even during the most critical days of the Taeping rebellion, when the foreign fleet arranged for by the Peking government, of which Prince Kung was then, as he is now, the head, offered to assist in the recapture of Nanking, the high Chinese officials who were engaged in fighting the rebels refused the offer, on the ground that the acceptance of the conditions required by Mr. Lay and Captain Osborne would have made them masters of China. At a severe sacrifice the Chinese government got rid of the flotilla. It is this rooted fear of the ascendancy of foreigners which has excluded them from every position of authority — with the remarkable exception of the Customs Service — which led to the scurvy treatment of Captain Lang, and which has all along paralyzed the energies of the most meritorious foreign officers, by placing them under the control of ignorant mandarins.

It was in the face of this array of anti-foreign feeling that General von Hanneken propounded to the assembled ministers his scheme of army organization. "You have ordered me to give my opinion on the present military situation, and I have given it to the best of my knowledge. You have

asked my advice as to the protection of the empire, and I have explained the only conditions on which it can be defended. It is for your Highnesses to decide." To their credit, be it said, their Highnesses listened respectfully both to the modest but manly oration of Von Hanneken on the military question, and to the no less important and plain-spoken address which followed from Mr. Detring, an old servant of the State, on the question of general reforms — financial, educational, administrative — imperatively required for the success of the military reform. It may almost be said that the ministers heard them gladly; the speeches must have been as refreshing as a blast of pure air to one mewed up in a sick-room. It is just possible the Manchus caught a momentary glimpse of emancipation from the incubus of Chinese officialism, and of a chance of striking out, with the aid of foreigners, a line of policy more in harmony with the best traditions of their race than the rather contemptible rôle they have been playing for the last hundred years. At any rate, they accepted the proposals made to them, and requested Von Hanneken to elaborate the scheme of army organization.

But the Chinese, as usual, proved themselves more than a match for Manchu princes and foreigners combined. Before the new arrangement was completed, a telegram was received at the Yamèn from a certain deep-designing *taotai*, who has much to do officially with foreigners and their affairs. He proposed an amendment. Army reform? By all means. But wherefore this waste? By a careful calculation, on data furnished by certain drill-instructors, put into shape by the agent of a great gun-factory whose interest lay in the expenditure of money on arms, not men, the Chinese official was able to promise a scheme which required only thirty thousand men. The economy self-evident! The army scheme of Von Hanneken would have spelt ruin to the race of *taotais*, for a reason which the zealous economist did not deem it necessary to

explain to their Highnesses. It provided for central control over the purchase of arms. Their craft was in danger. No more plunder! No more contracts! What is the world coming to? The Japanese may wreak their will on the country without moving the mandarin to shame or indignation; but let any one touch the palladium, the sacredness of contract, and the hierarchy will rise as one man and fight that invader to the earth.

The plot succeeded; the bogus scheme served its turn; their Highnesses paused; sinister reports began to crowd in upon them; they feared they had been too rash in placing so much confidence in a foreigner; and, in a word, they were helpless against the hierarchy which held in its unclean hands the whole machinery of administration. Too honorable to revoke the power they had given, as a Chinese official would have done without the least scruple, the princes nevertheless acquiesced in the withholding of the instruments of success. It is in the best Oriental manner to maintain the office while tacitly reducing it to a sinecure. The power of frustration is the one weapon which Chinese officials wield to perfection; it suits their genius, for it is easier to throw a log across the track than to construct and run a locomotive.

The same clever official who as good as wrecked the army scheme holds several offices of great influence. He is head of the Chinese Steamer Company, whose vessels are now running for safety, under the German and other flags. He is the superintendent of telegraphs. And he is the superintendent of customs at the port of Tientsin, a highly lucrative appointment. Altogether a person of great influence, he is credited with keeping confidential terms with the venal corps of censors in Peking, which is part and parcel of the universal Chinese sham, and through them overawing his superiors and defying public opinion.

Important as he is, however, the Taotai Sheng does not stand alone in his opposition to army reform. Para-

doxical as it may sound, the most formidable obstructionist is the Viceroy Li Hung-chang, the great reformer. For thirty years has this statesman stood before the world as the apostle of progress in China. He has enjoyed almost a monopoly of military, naval, and educational reform. But now, perceiving the sceptre slipping from his hand, honest human jealousy asserts itself in the heart of the veteran. Shorn, item by item, of his authority, the viceroy vindicates once more his title to be called the Bismarck of China, by sulking in his tent and contemplating, not without a certain sombre satisfaction, the incompetence of his rivals. When so patent an explanation lies to our hand, it is unnecessary to seek for less worthy motives for Li Hung-chang's opposition to those reforms of the militant services which he himself undertook but failed to effect. The army with its foreign drill, the navy in its entirety, have been the children of Li Hung-chang. That they have disappointed expectation may be as much his misfortune as his fault. They were half measures, for which, nevertheless, their author is entitled to the credit of an initiator, who should have been followed before this by improvers. But his work, unimproved, has been tested and found wanting; the blame and the chagrin of the failure can only rest on him, and to live and see others succeed where he has failed seems to be more than the unregenerate man can bear with philosophy. Thus it comes about that the most liberal, the most open-minded, the most progressive man in China, is at the present moment the chief obstacle to reform. The passage is narrow, and he blocks it.

Another curious subject of inquiry is opened out by the attitude of these powerful officials. By what means do they exercise such an influence over the government as to be able to make it stultify itself whenever it suits their purpose? Li Hung-chang is more than under a cloud; he is in disgrace, and is only retained in his territorial office by the impossibility of replacing

him.¹ A successor was indeed appointed in the person of the late viceroy of Nanking, Liu Kun-yi; but he is old, indolent, and somnolent. Before he had reached his post, travelling as slowly as it was possible, even in China, to do, the government received full information as to his incompetence from the caustic pen of Chang-chitung, his successor in Nanking. Not daring them to trust him with the responsible office held by Li Hung-chang, the government had to provide otherwise for Liu without losing its own face. So the decrepid septuagenarian was nominated generalissimo of all the forces in the field, the highest military authority in the power of the emperor to confer. The appointment betrays the government's appreciation of military service, though Liu had one qualification, his being a native of Hunan, which rendered him a fit person to be responsible for the Huanese troops, who are now so numerous in north China, and who always require a fellow-provincial at their head.

The coast defence, the navy, and other extraneous offices which have given Li Hung-chang his special importance, have been taken out of his hands and placed in the charge of men far less competent, only the territorial governor-generalship being left to the viceroy. His former subordinate officials, therefore, no longer owe him allegiance, and they make their reports direct to the Peking government. The viceregal court, erstwhile thronged with sycophants, is deserted, and the great man has leisure to brood over the vicissitudes of fortune. How, under these changed conditions, Li Hung-chang is able to continue a policy of his own opposed to that of the central government is one of those mysteries which belong to that unique political system in which the intrigues of underlings frustrate the designs of the strongest ruler. Chinese polity is a maze of filaments, among which only

the deeply initiated can hope to escape entanglement, and in which occult forces are constantly offering themselves to the highest bidder. By means which are open to all who possess the key, Li Hung-chang maintains an undefined influence, which is potent to nullify the projects of other men, but impotent for creative purposes.

As for the Taotai Sheng, he wields his power over the empire in a more definite form. He is the superintendent of telegraphs, a post which is simply invaluable to a man of his address, and which he would not perhaps exchange for a governor-generalship. For in a State where everything is venal it may be easily imagined what its telegraph service must be, corrupt to the core. Throughout the course of the war, and before its outbreak, the Chinese staff have been selling the product of the wires to Japanese agents. For forty pieces of silver, paid monthly in advance, a clerk in the telegraph office may be hired to supply, hot from the anvil, the most important information that passed over the line. The fact was known to the authorities, but probably some family ægis was thrown over the culprits. Foreign news agencies, as well as local newspapers, which lived on the leakage of the telegraphs, were not likely to comment too severely on the practices which served their ends. Neither were the heads of the department in a position to cast stones at their juniors, being themselves more or less in the same condemnation. The telegraph, indeed, is understood to have been a fruitful source of wealth to the happy individuals who have enjoyed its usufruct. As a new thing in China, it was necessarily left in the hands of experts, over whom the government proper, and even the professional censors, were unable to exercise effective control; it was a mystery beyond their intellectual grasp. A more providential instrument could not have fallen into the power of a daring and avaricious official. It makes him master of the secrets of the empire, since every telegram between the capital and the

¹ Since this was written the telegraph has informed us of Li Hung-chang's complete restoration to the imperial favor, and his despatch to Japan as peace plenipotentiary.—*ED. B. M.*

provinces passes under his scrutiny, which, if all tales be true, is exercised in no perfunctory manner. The faculty of delaying, forestalling, circumventing, even of falsifying (by accident), exercised by an official purged of scruple, is sufficient to reduce government to a comedy of errors. In many respects the efficiency of the administration is less now than it was in the pre-telegraph days, for it was better to trust to slow written communications to and from the provinces than to have the messages tapped and tampered with by people deeply interested in baffling all attempts at honest government. And the central authority probably has no more conception of the cause of the nightmare which is rendering it impotent, than the poulterer in the pantomime has of the *fourberies* of the clown at Drury Lane. And to think of such practices continuing for years, systematically and on a really grand scale!

Speaking broadly, the Manchu rulers desire reforms, but lack the energy, business training, and the machinery to effect them; while the Chinese official body, the interested foe to change, does possess the machinery to defeat any attempt at improvement. The pathos of the situation of course lies in the fact that it is the Manchu dynasty which is marked by Cassandra for destruction. It is the only tangible entity to be attacked, and it must bear the brunt of invasion or insurrection, and the whole consequences of the imbecile venality of the Chinese bureaucracy. The dynasty, tried and found guilty — not unjustly in the abstract — may be condemned to extinction, while the guiltier accomplices escape with their plunder.

What is to succeed the Manchu dynasty no one is bold enough to predict. No one has been able to suggest an alternative, and the known resources of China do not provide the material for an improved *régime*. There have been times when any bold man might have made himself master of China. Li Hung-chang has had such opportunities if his ambition had lain that

way. Even now what should hinder the great satrap, with a body-guard of five hundred men, from possessing himself of the imperial crown? But apart from his tried loyalty to the dynasty, probably even the veteran himself would hesitate to inflict on the country such a curse as his family would be. With the exception of the son who died young some three years ago, the relations of the viceroy have done little to commend themselves to popular approval.

The Manchu dynasty, which has ruled China for two hundred and seventy years, is admitted to be the best that has ever swayed the sceptre. Not only has the family produced statesmen of the first order, fit to rank with the great monarchs of the world, but under their rule the country has made considerable advances in civilization. The tendency of the Manchu sway has been towards humanity and mercy. The revolting cruelties which were common under native dynasties have been greatly mitigated, and a marked advance towards justice in the government has been achieved. Even the present crisis shows up the milder character of the rulers, for whereas under the last Chinese dynasty officials who had failed were ruthlessly executed and their bodies literally thrown to the dogs, all past services being forgotten, now we see that Justice herself is slow and deliberate. Of all the cowardly and traitorous commanders which the present war has brought to light, only one has as yet suffered the extreme penalty of his crime, and even he was allowed chances of redeeming his faults, and was beheaded only after he had proved himself incorrigible. The foreigners who are well acquainted with the circumstances admit that the sentence on Captain Fong of the imperial navy was just.

The rule of the Manchus is far indeed from being perfect; but if it were not for the dead-weight of Chinese corruption, there is no reason to suppose it would not be perfectible. If China is ever to be reformed through home agencies, the Manchu element seems

the only factor that holds out a promise of success. With foreign support it might be feasible, but how that foreign force is to be applied is a problem not likely to be solved except in the actual conflict of rival forces. Clouds very big and very black hang over the Chinese people, for it is they in the long run who must pay for the negligence, ignorance, and criminality of their rulers.

China unreformed falls a prey to every assailant, but China reformed means China transformed. Therein lies the difficulty. To root out the tares from among the growing wheat may not be easy, but what shall we do when they both grow on one stalk? If China is ever to be reformed, it can only be by the agency of the foreigner, either within her or upon her; nor has she the power of choosing which, for that would imply that she also had some power of self-regeneration.

[Note. — Since the date of this article, our correspondent has informed us by telegram of the deserved execution of Wei for cowardice, cruelty, and extortion; of the suicide of the gallant Admiral Ting, whose honor refused to survive the surrender of Wei-hai-wei; and the breaking-up of General Sung's forces in the north, after a most tenacious resistance. — ED. B. M.]

From The Nineteenth Century.
DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN PARIS.

DURING the last twenty or twenty-five years house-building in Paris has undergone a remarkable evolution, the leading phases of which deserve to be described.

It is well known that the Paris houses known as *maisons de rapport* — that is to say, those built to be let out — differ essentially from the London houses constructed for the same purpose. In England every man desires to have his home, to be the only occupier of the house he lives in, to be under his own roof-tree; but in France people do not care to isolate themselves in this manner, they are willing enough to share the same roof with

others, and, provided there is a solid door between them and the main staircase, they are fairly satisfied.

Without seeking the reasons for this wide difference, to do which, although easy, would be somewhat long, let us examine the advantages and drawbacks of the two systems. To be really at home in one's house; to be at liberty to go out and come in at will, without having to undergo the scrutiny of an individual who sometimes claims the right to watch your movements; to be free from the noisy racket of other tenants, underneath or overhead — these are great, and, to certain natures, almost indispensable, advantages. But it is tiresome to be constantly obliged to go up or down stairs, either to dress or for meals, especially as English staircases are rarely wide and commodious; and to live in a house where the bedroom ceilings are low and the drawing-rooms so small that one's guests can scarcely move about, and are sometimes forced to take refuge on the landing, is also very unsatisfactory. These are the stumbling-blocks of London architects. There is another defect, to which the leading architects are not blind — that is, the necessity, in order to give their edifices an appearance of uniformity, of applying one style of architecture to a whole line of houses, in which the dwellings are divided into vertical strips, so to speak. Hence a fatiguing symmetry, an unbroken sameness that displeases the artistic eye.

Economy also is sacrificed. Each of these inhabited strips must have its front door, its covered porch, and its staircase, so that for ten families ten front doors, ten porches, and ten staircases are necessary. How much better it would be to have but one of each of these adjuncts, and, at less cost, to make them real works of art! Look at Paris houses!

If the reproach has been made that London houses are nearly all built on small plots of ground, and that they resemble "parrots' perches," it has also been said that Parisian habitations are like "chests of drawers." This criti-

cism is not very severe, and if it stopped there the Paris house would, at all events, be a commodious piece of furniture. It possesses, in our opinion, one serious defect, namely, that its occupants are not at home; one has the impression of being merely camped there — that one is living in the street. The principal entrance is used by people of all sorts and conditions. If one of your fellow-tenants happens to be standing there, you cannot pass in or out. The staircase also is a public thoroughfare; you risk meeting disagreeable faces, people with whom you do not care to come in contact. Even the door of your apartment is public, as anybody can ring and cause it to be opened, with the excuse of having mistaken the floor, or even without any excuse at all. The tenant above you may have dancing going on all night over your head, and the little daughter of the one beneath may awaken you at dawn by her piano practice. The French horn is about the only thing forbidden. The violoncello is not prohibited, and a most perfidious instrument it is; when it begins to groan it can be heard from the first floor to the sixth. Paris houses of recent construction are more sonorous than the older ones, on account of the extensive use of iron and hollow pottery. The sound of the voice can often be heard from one flat to another. Still, there are compensations for these annoyances. The man who tortures his violoncello, may have talent, or the neighbor's young daughter may be a virtuoso in the bud. Even the people who elbow you on the stairs may please you, and you may perchance attend the ball on the floor above or the musical evening given below. After all, these are only minor miseries, and could easily be borne if it were not for the *concierge*.

The *concierge* is just as much a part of the Paris house as is the cornerstone thereof. Whoever may be the landlord, the *concierge* is the master of it. In former times he was called the porter, and followed some lowly trade, such as tailor, cobbler, or mender of broken china. From his lodge as-

cended strange odors of suspicious cookery. He did not annoy the tenants, and his good-will could be bought for a few half-crowns. The species is not quite extinct, but is now only found in the old parts of the city, in those houses of plaster and rubble whose dilapidated fronts, sloping inward and resting on antiquated bases, hide the secrets of five or six generations. The modern *concierge* is a totally different person. He is provided with a lodge furnished, if not luxuriously, at least in excellent taste, with stuff curtains to the windows, a carpet on the floor, carved table and sideboard, and large, comfortable arm-chairs. When you address him, he replies, if at all, from the depths of one of these easy-chairs. He will not deign to answer unless your appearance pleases him, or it is to his interest to do so. Should it be your intention to become a tenant of a flat in the house over which he rules, it is well to examine him closely, as he will be your master. He will see your visitors before you do so, and if he disapproves of them he will declare that you are not at home. It is to him that the postman will hand your letters and newspapers. He will read both, in order to know your political views and your family affairs. The law does not forbid him to do this, if he is so inclined. Quite recently a discontented tenant carried the question before the court, when the judge non-suited him, deciding that every *concierge* has the right to read his tenants' letters, provided he delivers them afterwards.

This is the great drawback of Paris houses. Certain persons regarded it so seriously that they concluded it would be preferable to live in houses built after the London style. Contractors came forward, ground was purchased in the outer parts of the city, and some very handsome "birdcage" dwellings were erected. Some of the features of English architecture were slightly modified, and, on the whole, these houses did not present an unpicturesque aspect. In order to give them a more English air, each house

had a small garden in front, in which two or three shrubs were planted. These abodes, pompously called *hôtels*, were promptly let, and the success of this new departure enticed other builders, so that at a certain moment it was believed that the English style would put the "chest of drawers" into the shade. But the burglars caused this tendency to cease. Abandoning their favorite pursuit of plundering servants' bedrooms, which in houses built in flats are in the attics, and are seldom visited by their occupants during the day, they combined together to transfer their energies to these small isolated houses, where the booty promised to be richer and easier to secure. Left unguarded during the summer, these elegantly furnished abodes were a tempting field of operations, and in a few months the burglars reaped an abundant harvest of plate, pictures, and works of art. Some of these gentry were caught in the act, but the greater number escaped. The blow was struck; everybody said that these small places were unsafe, and that it was wiser to live in a big house, protected by a high personage who allowed no one to come in or go out without his knowledge. People argued that although it was, no doubt, unpleasant that this functionary should open the letters, it was still more annoying to find, on returning from the country or the seaside, that one's house had been ransacked.

The builders of big houses, who had been discouraged by the new craze, took heart again, and at the present time new edifices, with five or six tiers of windows, are rising in all directions in the wealthy portions of Paris. The great life insurance companies provide the money, and architects supply plans in profusion. These companies are compelled by law to invest their reserve funds either in government stock or in real estate situated in France. French *rentes* no longer produce three per cent., and have ceased to be a remunerative investment. House property in Paris gives a better return. Even making allowance for the unlet

portions, a revenue of three per cent. can be counted upon from the second year after completion, and at the end of three years it ought to reach four or five per cent., if the house is well placed, solidly constructed, intelligently planned, richly decorated — if, in short, it has a fine appearance and sheds lustre on those who live therein. The insurance companies are alive to the importance of these conditions, and spare no effort to meet them. They give their architects a free hand, and are not niggardly as to the choice of building materials, the interior and exterior decoration, or the means of attracting tenants and keeping them. Capitalists on the lookout for good investments, contractors who want to keep their workmen employed, and others, follow the lead thus given. Everybody feels obliged to go with the stream. The "boom" may terminate in a crisis, but in the mean time houses are springing up that might be taken for palaces, and rich people in search of luxurious *appartements* have only too wide a choice.

The case is not the same as regards the poor. In the centre of Paris small dwellings are getting dearer every day, while people who go to live in the outskirts, beyond the walls, find that the cost of the daily journey to and from town quite absorbs what is saved in rent. This state of things is principally felt by employés and the modest traders who have a small shop in the city. It will become more and more difficult for these classes to battle with the stern necessities of life, and we shall have the singular spectacle of a so-called democratic country dominated by one aristocratic caste — an aristocracy of wealth.

It was under the Second Empire that house-architecture made its first great stride in advance. The Third Napoleon himself took the initiative by appointing M. Haussmann to be prefect of the Department of the Seine, which he did on the 23rd of June, 1853. It is true that a few fine houses were erected during the reign of Louis Philippe, but in those days the greater number were

built of rubble, which made Victor Hugo say that the last century had bequeathed to Parisians a city of stone, whereas they would hand down to their descendants a city of plaster. Thanks to the Empire and M. Haussmann, Victor Hugo's witty prediction will not be verified.

The absorption of the suburban districts and the extension of the city to the wall of circumvallation, which took place in 1860, gave a fresh impulse to house-building. New streets were made, and wide boulevards and avenues, bordered by new houses, were laid out, to make room for which an immense number of old tumbledown edifices had to be cleared away. The eminent architects who were called upon to regenerate the city endeavored to give their creations a monumental appearance. At the corners of some of the large thoroughfares there arose round pavilions ornamented with imbedded columns, and surmounted by cupola roofs. The plastered Corinthian style with pilasters, or profiled with colonnades, flourished again as in the time of Adrian. It was a return to classic art, a springing forth of festooned friezes and acanthus-leaves. The traditions of the Italian Renaissance were resumed: windows with small columns, the frontals having alternating angles and curves; balconies with balusters resting on consoles carved with lions' heads. French architectural art, brought back to life, and held momentarily in honor before 1848, again disappeared, to make room for a variety of pompous forms.

For a long time, and almost down to the present day, architects clung tenaciously to the laws of proportion as taught in the schools. Even the boldest dared not design a window beyond the regulation size, however great the need of more light. Hence that objectionable monotony, that formal symmetry in the architecture of the newer Paris streets; hence also the difficulty in arranging the various rooms according to requirements, and the necessity of placing two windows where one would be ample, and of putting but one

where two would barely be sufficient. If to these difficulties, due to a confined style, one adds those caused by the configuration of the ground, it is not surprising that efforts should have been made, not always with success, to provide enough light and air, especially in the staircases, to introduce improvements, and to discover a means of access to all the principal rooms without being obliged to pass through one after another. Immense progress has been made in these directions.

It is proper to state that in Paris the ground-plots are usually large enough to contain a good-sized house, consisting of a main building fronting the street, a wing forming with the first building the shape of a set-square, and, at the rear of a courtyard, a third building, having a separate staircase and containing flats of a more modest character than the principal edifice. The ground-floor of the last-named block is generally taken up by the stables and coach-houses. The plots are rarely regular in shape, except in the very newest quarters. Some dovetail into each other like pieces of carpentry, others are long and narrow, while others again run so far back that the builder, in order to utilize them, is compelled to erect three or even four houses, separated by courtyards, which must be spacious, so as not to shut out the light.

The selection of the ground is the first step of the capitalist and his architect. Paris, like many other great cities, tends to spread westwardly. It is also extending along the valley of the Seine. Sooner or later, the fortified wall will open on this side and embrace the Bois de Boulogne. Speculators profit by this fact. At Auteuil, Passy, in the Faubourg Saint-Honoré and in the Plaine Monceau, pieces of ground which, forty years ago, were only worth from ten to fifty francs per square metre, have been sold at two hundred or three hundred francs. Ground near the Parc de la Muette, belonging to the municipality, brings from four hundred to five hundred francs. Its value will be still higher

when the wall is removed. These plots have, furthermore, the advantage over those in the heart of Paris of being larger and more regular in shape. They are also much lower in price. On the Grands Boulevards the figure often reaches three thousand francs, in the Faubourg Montmartre two thousand francs, while round the Halles it is still higher. Street frontages are especially valuable. In the Champs-Élysées ground has changed hands at the rate of two thousand francs in the first zone, facing the south, fifteen hundred in the second zone, and one thousand francs in the third, with frontage on parallel streets. In the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne (formerly called the Avenue de l'Impératrice) there is a corresponding increase in value. In the east of Paris, however, and even in some central streets, prices have a tendency to drop, and they seldom exceed five hundred francs per square mètre.

These great differences in price are partly due to the laws and regulations concerning public roads. In the interior of the city, if it is a case of pulling down an old house and building another in its place, the first obstacle met with is one which may cause much delay. There are at least three adjoining owners, besides the city authorities, to be reckoned with. Various interests are aroused; servitudes, hidden and apparent, have to be taken into account—in brief, there are the elements of four or five lawsuits. Perhaps, also, there are no plans in existence, or there may be uncertainty as to the exact area, the rights to light, or the party-walls. We pass over the many points that crop up in verifying the title, the endless conferences with the conveyancing lawyers, the preliminary borings to make sure that there are no old quarries, subterranean watercourses, disused sewers, or shifting sand-beds, and so on. When all these details are in order, the next step is to apply to the Municipal Council for permission to build, and for this purpose it is necessary to submit a plan showing sections and elevations, and full dimensions of everything. In the course of

three weeks the builder can begin operations, provided he has not been forbidden to do so. It rarely happens that he is not kept waiting, as the plans must comply with the regulations as to salubrity; fire, drainage, cesspools, the area of the courtyards, the height of the walls, the nature of the building materials, and the size and position of the fireplaces and chimneys. There are, in fact, a host of obscure and intricate regulations, with which the most experienced people are not fully conversant.

Some of these regulations have the effect of considerably reducing the value of even the best-situated sites, and all of them seem to have been framed with the object of stifling every attempt at art and originality. The height of the houses varies according to the width of the streets. A decree dated the 23rd of July, 1884, provides that, "measured from the pavement in front of the building, at the highest part if the street slopes, this height may not exceed, including entablature, attics, and everything plumb with the front walls, the following limits, namely: twelve mètres in streets seven mètres eighty centimètres in width; eighteen mètres in those from eighteen to twenty mètres in width, and twenty mètres where the street is more than twenty mètres wide." We will not touch upon some of the other prescriptions which refer to minor details. The ridge of the roof must not exceed a radius of eight and one-half mètres. Thus, the largest houses cannot have a greater perpendicular height than twenty mètres, or, to the top of the roof, twenty-eight mètres fifty centimètres. We are, therefore, a long way from the American edifices of eighteen or twenty stories. It is impossible to find a house in Paris having more than five square floors within the perpendicular walls, a story in the roof, and some attics right under the ridge of the roof, which latter are used as servants' bedrooms. The height of the stories is regulated as follows: The minimum height of the attics is two mètres sixty centimètres, and that of the ground-

floor two mètres eighty centimètres ; then sixteen centimètres must be allowed for the threshold, two mètres forty centimètres at least for the thickness of the floors, and one mètre fifty centimètres for the loft under the roof-ridge. This absorbs nine mètres forty-six centimètres, which, deducted from twenty-eight mètres fifty centimètres, leaves nineteen mètres four centimètres to be divided among the six other stories—that is to say, an average of three mètres eighteen centimètres per story. But as the first three stories are made higher than the last three, the latter do not reach this average.

The rules concerning projections are not less rigid. They seem made to discourage boldness of conception, and to deprive the finest houses of all artistic character. Up to two mètres sixty centimètres from the pavement projections must not exceed from four to ten centimètres. Pilasters above this height can extend outwards from six to ten centimètres. The string-course, cornice, entablement, attics, consoles, crowns, capitals, etc., may project from twenty-five to fifty centimètres. The large balconies are allowed to extend outwards from fifty to eighty centimètres, according to the width of the thoroughfare. Shop-fronts must not project beyond sixteen centimètres. Other projections are regulated on the same scale. The height and width of the various parts of the edifice are subject to restrictions, of which a few are perfectly reasonable, but the larger number appear to have been invented for the sole purpose of checking architectural progress, and finding posts for a crowd of useless people who live comfortably at the taxpayers' expense. France has several hundred thousand employés who are paid to place obstacles in the way of intelligence and talent. We have in this article referred to only a few of the vexatious regulations laid down, and have not touched upon those applying to courtyards, internal arrangement, chimneys, and so forth, an account of which would certainly weary the reader.

It is surprising that, in spite of so many difficulties, Parisian architecture should still have plenty of vitality left. Its red-tape fetters seem to have stimulated invention instead of paralyzing it. Having little liberty as regards the exterior, architects have concentrated their ingenuity upon the inside. They have devoted their efforts to the arrangement of the rooms and their ornamentation. Yet, in the present period, new houses do not differ vastly in these respects from those built in the preceding epoch. On each floor the architect has provided either one or two complete sets of rooms, according to the size of the ground, so that, the house having five floors below the roof, there are five or ten flats for tenancy. In the populous quarters the ground-floor is occupied by shops, while in fashionable streets and large avenues it consists of bachelors' apartments or sets of rooms called *pied-à-terre*. Apartments in houses which have no shops are those most sought after, and are the dearest. Flats are also dearer and more in demand where the house possesses an entrance and courtyard for carriages.

The principal staircase is an important part of the edifice. According to the space at his disposal, the architect makes it either circular, or straight, with several flights. The latter are liked best, because the equal steps give the staircase a more imposing appearance. The circular staircases are usually built of wood, and the straight ones of hard limestone, or, better still, of white marble. If cost is not an object, the baluster is made of forged iron. Latterly, Flemish staircases in oak have been much in favor ; these allow of some very handsome carpentry work ; yet many persons will not live in a house the main staircase of which is built of wood, as, in case of fire, escape is more likely to be cut off. The staircase walls were formerly painted in oil to imitate marble, but this style of decoration is now only seen in old houses or those of the fourth class. Its place has been taken by polished stucco, inserted sometimes

in the undressed stone. At the present time the walls are also painted in imitation of cloth, or are even hung with real stuffs, specially manufactured and having large floral designs on them. In the very best houses the luxury of tapestry is indulged in for the staircase walls. On each landing lamps of gilded bronze shed the light of gas or electricity. In well-arranged houses a wide carpet covers the stairs; the lights are not extinguished until after midnight, and in certain cases a lamp remains burning in the entrance-vestibule throughout the night.

This vestibule must be sufficiently large to contain the footmen in attendance on their masters. There are capacious divans along its walls, and in many instances the decoration of the vestibule and its peristyle calls forth all the talent and imagination of the artist. Columns without base support coffered ceilings, while the pavement is in mosaic, with arabesques and flower-work. Very often there are a couple of white marble steps—an instalment of the staircase. The latter begins either in front or on one side, and is at least one metre in width, sometimes two metres. All this parade of luxury has to be paid for, and before the tenant has entered the door of his apartment he already knows what it is going to cost him.

Let us, too, enter the apartment. Harmonizing with the predominant note of the staircase walls, the door is painted either black or in imitation of some precious wood. When it is made of polished oak it is considered the height of luxury, and one may deduce therefrom that the whole house is built of the best materials. The richest colors sometimes hides the lightest and thinnest of wood. All these doors have two leaves. The lock is of very inferior quality, like nearly all Paris ironmongery. It is extremely easy for a burglar to gain an entrance into a Parisian flat, either by force or artifice, even if it is situated in one of the hundred houses cited as the finest triumphs of architectural art. Consequently a new tenant loses no time in

having his doors fitted with chains, bolts, and safety-locks.

In the abode thus armed against the housebreaker's attacks the first chamber seen by the visitor is the ante-room, or hall, which varies in size, and is often badly lighted from the staircase; oftener still it is irregular in shape. Numerous double doors give access to the principal reception-rooms—the large and small drawing-rooms, the dining-room, the master's study, and, apart from the others, the boudoir of the mistress of the house. The bedrooms are reached by a corridor, which is frequently very narrow, and is entered from the hall through a small door concealed by the wall-hangings or the wainscoting.

The large drawing-room is decorated with plaster reliefs, which, in the earliest period, represented rockwork or the convoluted wainscoting of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth. Then the fashion changed, and it was considered more correct and noble to imitate sculpture of Louis the Sixteenth. Occasionally the architect went back to the pomps of Versailles and Saint-Cloud. The Louis-Fourteenth style remains in favor for drawing-room ornamentation, except in those cases where a further step backward is made to Henri the Second. The last-named style—if style it can be called—is very much in fashion at present, but more especially for dining-rooms. For drawing-rooms, the profile and festoons of Louis the Fourteenth's time still predominate. The grounds are painted white, pearl-grey, or light pink, and the reliefs are gilded. The gilding is dead, like the grounds. If it is a first-floor flat and an expensive one, the gilding may be burnished, so as to shine in artificial light. The fireplace is always small and elegant, and is built of Carrara marble—machine-made. The small drawing-room will be similarly decorated, but with less gilding; the painting will be darker—say light bistre, buff, or olive.

If the tenant is a lover of things ancient, he may hang these walls with old tapestry, and, the greater its cost,

the more beautiful will it appear in his sight. The painting of the ceilings will perplex him sorely. It is scarcely possible to imitate the brilliant periods of Louis the Fourteenth, Louis the Fifteenth, or even Louis the Sixteenth, without decorating the ceilings; yet, however great may be the liberality of the insurance companies, the taste of landlords, and the talent of architects, it can hardly be expected that the ceilings of houses built to be let out should be painted by first-rate artists. Their brushes are only called into requisition when one buys or erects a house for oneself. Therefore the decoration of the ceilings of houses built in flats is usually confided to students, or workmen. More often than not it is the ordinary house-painter who strews flowers and Cupids over the ceilings, even in the case of the finest *appartements*. This work being paid for at so much per foot, it would be too costly to employ men of talent. In France it is only the State that is able to have its ceilings painted by renowned artists, and very badly are they rewarded for their labor.

Vous leur fîtes, monseigneur,
En les volant, beaucoup d'honneur.

These ceilings are the despair of all persons of taste, and there does not appear to be any way out of the difficulty, unless it is by covering them, like the walls, with stuff or tapestry. But this would reduce the height of the rooms, which is never too great in Paris houses, where space has to be economized perpendicularly as well as in other senses.

The dining-room fares better. Here the painter rarely applies anything but dull tints or an imitation of walnut-wood, which cannot compromise his artistic taste. An imitation of wainscoting reaches to a height of about five feet, the rest of the wall being covered with cloth, or with paper which is supposed to resemble Cordova leather. The cornice is ornamented with reliefs, and the ceiling with coffers or projecting beams. The fireplace, which is high, is of colored marble. It is of particular shape, and

is called the "dining-room fireplace" for the reason that it is not customary to put anything like it in other rooms. Over the fireplace there is usually a mirror with bevelled edges; but those who desire to pass for people of taste substitute a painting in place of the mirror.

An innovation has been introduced latterly in Paris dining-rooms, namely, an imitation of the English bow-window, only square instead of round. Properly speaking, it is a balcony framed in with stained glass. In this way the room is enlarged, but the balcony, as such, is lost. This style of window was unknown half-a-dozen years ago, but to-day every new house is provided with it, while the old ones are being altered in order to satisfy this fresh craze. In some cases the framework is of stone, and in others of iron. The iron frame being often badly adjusted, wind, rain, and snow enter by the joints. It has therefore been found necessary, in almost every instance, to have a double window, which fills the whole width of the room. To compensate the loss of light owing to the colored glass, these projecting windows are made enormously large. The French architect has not given way without a struggle to the demand for more light. Little by little, however, the windows have been made larger; they have lost their classic proportions, and we may say that it is now becoming the practice to design them according to the needs of the occupant, and not merely for external appearance.

The introduction of lifts was also resisted, not only by the architect, but by the builder as well. It is true that when first employed in Parisian houses these apparatus were the cause of many terrible accidents; but they have been greatly improved, and now no first-class house is built without the necessary place being reserved for the lift, including a door on the landing of each floor. At the beginning the lift was erected in the well of the staircase, but this is no longer done, except in a few special instances.

Another improvement has been made quite recently. Paris houses are lofty, and the work thrown upon the servants on this account is very considerable. Wine and fuel have to be carried up from the cellars by way of a servants' staircase, which is frequently too small, and when the family lives on the fifth floor this is no light labor. The inconvenience is now remedied by the erection of a second lift, which furthermore serves for raising and lowering luggage. This is not all. One of the greatest annoyances connected with Paris flats is the getting rid of the household refuse. In some of the newly built edifices there is a shoot, down which everything that can be burnt descends to the heating apparatus in the basement. Thus, this stove, which in winter warms and ventilates the entire house, helps also to keep it clean.

Is everything, then, perfect in the Parisian house of to-day? Far from it. We have described the drawing and dining rooms; let us now proceed to the bedrooms. They are small, badly ventilated, and ill lighted, light only reaching them from narrow courtyards. The walls are in ashlar-work, and so thin that heat and cold penetrate in their turn. There is no ornamentation whatever; the walls, which are not always true, have a covering of paper, the floor is full of cracks, the fireplaces give out no warmth, and, what is more serious, the most offensive odors find their way in from the kitchen and closets. This last remark holds good with respect to houses of the most magnificent outward appearance, if the builder has not solved the thorny problem, still pending before the Municipal Council, of connecting the closets directly with the sewers. A flat with a rental of 400*l.* per annum will have all these drawbacks, while containing, besides the reception-rooms, only five or six bedrooms, of which two, or at most three, will be really habitable and be situated in the main building, the others being in a wing and in the neighborhood of the kitchen. To reach them a long corridor must be

traversed. They are generally turned over to the maids, who do not by any means consider themselves well lodged. It will be gathered from the foregoing that everything is sacrificed to appearances, and that, although vanity may be flattered, comfort and well-being are still unattained.

A certain architect, who is a man of sense and a keen observer, attempted to meet both of these requirements of refined people. Finding a large, well-shaped piece of ground, and a liberal and intelligent capitalist, he resolved to divide his flats into two portions. He designed a vestibule or gallery running from the entrance to the further extremity of the building, and having a width of at least thirteen feet. On one side he placed the reception-rooms, and on the other the private rooms of the family. He added a wing containing some minor chambers, and wisely banished the kitchen, bath-room, and water-closets to a second wing, in order to remove the sources of bad smells as far away as possible. The new system obtained immediate favor, and to-day no first-class house is built in which it is not adopted, provided the shape of the ground permits. These apartments are greatly sought after, notwithstanding the fact that they are dearer than the ordinary ones. If there is a well-appointed lift, the difference between one floor and another becomes trifling; nevertheless, the first floor still remains what the Italians term *piano nobile*. The ceilings are higher—from three metres sixty centimètres to four metres—while those of the floors above decrease in height at the rate of twenty centimètres for each floor, down to three metres, which is the limit in the best houses, although in third-rate ones it falls to two metres eighty centimètres.

In every case the tenant has to pay according to the richness of the decoration, the luxuriousness of the staircase, the carpet covering it, and the heating, which in some of the newer houses is supplied in profusion to the ante-chamber, dining-room, and drawing-rooms of each flat. The *calorifère*

is placed in the cellars. The method of heating differs according to the size of the house. In the smaller ones hot air is used, which is more economical than water, and can be shut off when not needed.

The lighting of those parts of the house that are used in common by all the tenants is by hydrogen gas, in conjunction with the Auer burner, which gives a white light and does not heat the atmosphere. The invasion of the electric light, however, tends to supplant the use of gas. In many apartments gas is not to be found in the living rooms; it is entirely banished from the *salons* and bedrooms, and is tolerated only in the ante-chambers and kitchens. An ingenious system of boilers enables the ovens, water-bath, and roasting apparatus to be kept constantly heated. In some cases there is also a reservoir of hot water for the bath-room, so arranged as to be ready day and night. As a rule, however, the bath-room is merely a little nook, and the water for it is heated by gas. The numerous accidents caused by this system ought to bring about its abolition. The kitchens are nearly all provided with gas cooking-stoves, in addition to coal-fire ranges.

In the new houses, and in many old ones, the principal flats are connected with the porter's lodge by a telephone. Some houses also possess a telephone cabinet for the joint use of all the tenants. Thirty years ago it was the custom for the *concierge* to announce visitors by ringing a bell in the courtyard. Though retained in private mansions, this practice has been altogether abolished in apartment-houses. In some instances it has been superseded by an electric indicator, which makes less noise and is more easily worked. Communication from room to room is supplied either by electric bells or air-tubes.

This essay on the Parisian dwelling would be incomplete were we not to add a few reflections concerning its external architecture, the general phys-

ionomy of which we have sketched above. An exhaustive examination of this subject would entail an analysis of the laws and regulations relating to house-construction in France, and especially in Paris. We will merely say that these laws and regulations place the architect in a veritable Gehenna. Every effort at originality is quickly suppressed. When one threads the thousand intricacies of these provisions, one is no longer astonished at the dead uniformity of our *façades*. Neither is it surprising that rents should have become so high, and should have increased more than one hundred per cent. within fifty years. In the houses we have dealt with, which form three categories whose boundaries are somewhat hard to define, an apartment with three bedrooms, if situated on the first or second floor, generally costs 200*l.* a year. For a flat with from six to eight bedrooms, three drawing-rooms, smoking-room, etc., the rent may amount to 600*l.* or 800*l.*, including stable and coach-house; and it may even exceed 1,000*l.* if there is a ball-room, ornamented with columns and provided with a band-stand. Columns are expensive things in Paris. They are made in polished stucco, so as to avoid the weight and cost of marble; but their capitals are gilded in the most lavish manner.

This monographic sketch may here close, as, in order clearly to set forth the difficulties, sometimes insurmountable ones, which beset builders, and to establish the cost-prices according to the quality and nature of the materials, it would be necessary to go into questions connected with the land, the locality, the legal aspect, the materials, and even to introduce the reader to various industries which are closely allied to the Paris house-building trade; finally, it would be requisite to draw a picture of the architect—a somewhat complex individuality, who is not invariably a genius, but who ought always to be an upright man and a gentleman.

ALPHONSE DE CALONNE.

From Good Words.

COPERNICUS.

BY SIR ROBERT BALL, LL.D., F.R.S.

THE quaint town of Thorn, on the Vistula, was more than two centuries old when Copernicus was born there on the 19th of February, 1473. Thorn was even, in those days, a place of considerable trade, lying as it does on the frontier between Prussia and Poland, with a commodious water-way for traffic between the two countries.

Copernicus, the astronomer, whose discoveries make him the great predecessor of Newton and Kepler, did not come from a noble family, as certain other early astronomers have done, for, though his uncle was certainly a bishop, yet his father was a tradesman. We are not acquainted with any of those details of his childhood or youth which are often of such interest in other cases where men have risen to exalted fame. It would appear that the young Nicolaus, for such was his Christian name, received his education at home, until such time as he was deemed sufficiently advanced to be sent to the university at Cracow. The education that he there obtained must have been in those days of a very primitive description, but Copernicus seems to have availed himself of it to the utmost. He devoted himself more particularly to the study of medicine, with the view of adopting its practice as the profession of his life. The tendencies of the future astronomer were, however, revealed in the fact that he worked hard at mathematics, and, like one of his illustrious successors, Galileo, the practice of the art of painting had for him very great interest, and in it he obtained some measure of success.

By the time he was twenty-seven years old, it would seem that Copernicus had given up the notion of becoming a medical practitioner, and had resolved to devote himself to science. He was engaged in teaching mathematics, and appears to have won considerable reputation. His growing fame attracted the notice of his uncle the bishop, and, apparently at his sug-

gestion, Copernicus took holy orders, and was presently appointed to a canonry in the cathedral of Frauenburg, near the mouth of the Vistula.

To Frauenburg, accordingly, this man of varied gifts retired. Possessing somewhat of the ascetic spirit, he resolved to devote his life to work of the most serious description. He eschewed all ordinary society, restricting his intimacies to very grave and learned companions, and refusing to engage in conversation of any useless kind. It would seem as if his gifts for painting came under the condemnation of frivolity; at all events, we do not learn that he continued to practise them. In addition to the discharge of his theological duties, his life was divided partly between ministering medically to the wants of the poor, and partly with his researches in astronomy and mathematics. His equipment in the way of instruments for the study of the heavens seems to have been of a very meagre description. He arranged apertures in the walls of his house at Allenstein, so that he could observe in some fashion the passage of the stars across the meridian. That he possessed some talent for practical mechanics, is proved by his construction of a contrivance for raising water from a stream, for the use of the inhabitants of Frauenburg. Relics of this machine are still to be seen.

The intellectual slumber of the Middle Ages was destined to be awakened by Copernicus. It may be noted, that the time at which he appeared coincided with a remarkable epoch in the world's history. The great astronomer had just reached manhood, at the time when Columbus discovered America.

Before the publication of the researches of Copernicus, the orthodox scientific belief averred that the earth was stationary, and that the apparent movements of the heavenly bodies were indeed real movements. Ptolemy had laid down this doctrine fourteen hundred years before. In his theory this huge error was associated with so much important truth, and

the whole presented such a coherent scheme for the explanation of the heavenly movements, that the Ptolemaic theory was not seriously questioned until the great work of Copernicus appeared. No doubt others, before Copernicus, had from time to time in some vague fashion surmised, with more or less plausibility, that the sun, and not the earth, was the centre about which the system really revolved. It is, however, one thing to state a scientific fact; it is quite another thing to be in possession of the train of reasoning, founded on observation or experiment, by which that fact may be established. Pythagoras, it appears, had indeed told his disciples that it was the sun, and not the earth, which was the centre of movement, but it does not seem at all certain that Pythagoras had any grounds which science could recognize for the belief which is attributed to him. So far as information is available to us, it would seem that Pythagoras associated his scheme of things celestial with a number of preposterous notions in natural philosophy. He may certainly have made a correct statement as to which was the most important body in the solar system, but he certainly did not provide any rational demonstration of the fact. Copernicus, by a strict train of reasoning, convinced those who would listen to him, that the sun was the centre of the system. It is useful for us to consider the arguments which he used, and by which he effected that intellectual revolution which is always connected with his name.

The first of the great discoveries which Copernicus made relates to the rotation of the earth on its axis. That general diurnal movement by which the stars and all other celestial bodies appear to move completely round the heavens once every twenty-four hours, had been accounted for by Ptolemy, on the supposition that the apparent movements were the real movements. In his view, the whole celestial sphere, containing all the stars stuck on its surface, did in reality rotate once every

twenty-four hours around the earth at the centre. Ptolemy himself must have felt, indeed we know that he did feel, the extraordinary difficulty involved in the supposition that so stupendous a fabric as the celestial sphere, should spin in the way supposed. Such movements required that many of the stars should travel with almost inconceivable velocity. Though Ptolemy was not unmindful of these difficulties, yet they appeared to him less grave than those which would arise from the alternative supposition that the celestial sphere stood still and that the earth revolved in the centre. Copernicus also saw that the daily rising and setting of the heavenly bodies could be accounted for either by the supposition that the celestial sphere moved round and that the earth remained at rest, or by the supposition that the celestial sphere was at rest while the earth turned round in the opposite direction. He weighed the arguments on both sides as Ptolemy had done, and, as the result of his deliberations, Copernicus came to an opposite conclusion from Ptolemy. To Copernicus it appeared that the difficulties attending the supposition that the celestial sphere revolved were vastly greater than those which appeared so weighty to Ptolemy as to force him to deny the earth's rotation.

Copernicus shows clearly how the observed phenomena could be accounted for just as completely by a rotation of the earth as by a rotation of the heavens. He alludes to the fact that, to those on board a vessel which is moving through smooth water, the vessel itself appears to be at rest, while the objects on shore seem to be moving past. If, therefore, the earth were rotating uniformly, we dwellers upon the earth, oblivious of our own movement, would wrongly attribute to the stars the displacement which was actually the consequence of our own motion.

Copernicus saw the futility of the arguments by which Ptolemy had endeavored to demonstrate that a revolution of the earth was impossible. It

was plain to him, that there was nothing whatever to warrant any refusal to believe in the rotation of the earth. In his clear-sightedness on this matter we have specially to admire the sagacity of Copernicus as a natural philosopher. It had been urged that, if the earth moved round, its motion would not be imparted to the air, and that therefore the earth would be uninhabitable by the terrific winds which would be the result of our being carried through the air. Copernicus convinced himself that this deduction was preposterous. He proved that the air must accompany the earth, just as his coat remains round him, notwithstanding the fact that he is walking down the street. In this way he was able to show that all *a priori* objections to the earth's movements were absurd, and therefore he was able to compare together the plausibilities of the two rival schemes for explaining the diurnal movement.

Once the issue had been placed in this form, the result could not be long in doubt. Here is the question: Which is it more likely—that the earth, like a grain of sand at the centre of a mighty globe, should turn round once in twenty-four hours, or that the whole of that vast globe should complete a rotation in the opposite direction in the same time? Obviously the former is far the more simple supposition. But the case is really much stronger than this. Ptolemy had supposed that all the stars were stuck on the surface of a sphere. He had no ground whatever for this supposition, except that otherwise it would have been well-nigh impossible to have devised a scheme by which the rotation of the heavens around a fixed earth could have been arranged. Copernicus, however, with the just instinct of a philosopher, considered that the celestial sphere, however convenient from a geometrical point of view, as a means of representing apparent phenomena, could not actually have a material existence. For, see all that the existence of the celestial sphere would involve. In the first place it required that all the myriad stars should be exactly at the

same distance from the earth. Of course no one will say that this or any other arbitrary disposition of the stars is actually *impossible*, but as there was no known physical reason why the distances of all the stars, from the earth, should be identical, it seemed in the very highest degree improbable that the stars should be so placed.

Doubtless, also, Copernicus felt a considerable difficulty as to the nature of the materials from which Ptolemy's wonderful sphere was to be constructed. Nor could a philosopher of his penetration have failed to observe that, unless that sphere were infinitely large, there must have been space outside it, which consideration would open up other difficult questions. Whether infinite or not, it was obvious that the celestial sphere must have a diameter hundreds or thousands of times as great as the earth. Copernicus observed that this fact showed that the stars and other celestial bodies must be all vast objects. He was thus enabled to put the question in a still more conclusive form: Which is it more rational to suppose, that the earth should turn round on its axis once in twenty-four hours, or that thousands of mighty stars should circle round the earth in the same time, many of them having to describe circles a thousand times greater in circumference than the circuit of the earth at the equator? The obvious answer pressed upon Copernicus with so much force that he was compelled to reject Ptolemy's theory of the stationary earth, and to attribute the diurnal rotation of the heavens to the revolution of the earth on its axis.

Once this tremendous step had been taken, the great difficulties which beset the monstrous conception of the celestial sphere vanished, for the stars need no longer be regarded as all situated at the same distances from the earth. Copernicus saw that they might lie at the most varied degrees of remoteness, some being hundreds of thousands of times further away than others. The complicated structure of the celestial sphere as a material object, disappeared altogether, it remained only as a geo-

metrical entity, whereon we find it convenient to indicate the places of the stars. Once the Copernican doctrine had been fully set forth, it was impossible for any one who had both the inclination and the capacity to understand it, to withhold their acceptance of its truth. The doctrine of a stationary earth had gone forever.

Copernicus having established a theory of the celestial movements which deliberately set aside the stability of the earth, it seemed natural that he should endeavor to extend this doctrine still further. It had been universally admitted that the earth lay unsupported in space. Copernicus had further shown that it possessed a movement of rotation. Its want of stability being thus recognized, it seemed reasonable to inquire whether the earth might not also have some other kind of movements as well. In this, Copernicus essayed to solve a problem far more difficult than that which had hitherto occupied his attention. It was a comparatively easy task to show how the diurnal movements could be accounted for by the rotation of the earth. It was a much more difficult undertaking to demonstrate that the planetary movements which Ptolemy had represented with such success, could be completely explained by the supposition that each of those planets revolved uniformly round the sun, and that the earth was also a planet, accomplishing a complete circuit of the sun once in the course of a year.

It would be impossible in a sketch like the present to enter into any detail as to the geometrical propositions on which this beautiful investigation of Copernicus depended. We can only just mention a few of the leading principles. It may be laid down in general that, if an observer is in movement, he will, if unconscious of his movement, attribute to the fixed objects around him a movement equal and opposite to that which he actually possesses. A passenger on a canal-boat sees the objects on the banks appear to move backward with a speed equal to that by

which he is himself advancing forwards. By an application of this principle, we can account for all the phenomena of the movements of the planets, which Ptolemy had so ingeniously represented by his moving circles. Let us take, for instance, the most characteristic feature in the irregularities of the outer planets. It is well known that Mars, though generally advancing from west to east among the stars, occasionally pauses, retraces his steps for a while, again pauses, and then resumes his ordinary onward progress. Copernicus showed clearly how this effect was produced by the real motion of the earth, combined with the real motion of Mars. If it so happened that the earth was moving with the same speed as Mars, then the apparent movement would exactly neutralize the real movement, and Mars would seem to be at rest relatively to the surrounding stars. Under the actual circumstances, however, the earth is moving faster than Mars, and the consequence is, that the apparent movement of the planet backwards exceeds the real movement forwards, the net result being the apparent retrograde movement.

With consummate skill, Copernicus showed how the applications of the same principles could account for the characteristic movements of the planets. His reasoning in due time bore down all opposition. The supreme importance of the earth in the system vanished. It had now merely to take rank as one of the planets.

The same great astronomer now for the first time rendered something like a rational account of the changes of the seasons. Nor did certain of the more obscure astronomical phenomena escape his attention, but we must forbear to enter into further details.

He delayed publishing his wonderful discoveries to the world until he was quite an old man. He had a well-founded apprehension of the storm of opposition which they would arouse. However, he yielded at last to the entreaties of his friends, and his book was sent to the press. Ere it made its

appearance to the world, Copernicus was seized by mortal illness. A copy of the book was brought to him on May 23, 1543. We are told that he was able to touch it and to see it, but no more, and a few hours afterwards he died. He was buried in that cathedral of Frauenburg, with which his life had been so closely associated.

From The Sunday Magazine.

SYDNEY SMITH AND SOCIAL REFORM.

BY A. W. W. DALE.

IT is just fifty years since Sydney Smith died.¹ His name still keeps its place in the roll of our famous men, but the noblest part of what he was and of what he did has been practically forgotten. His jests are still repeated; some, not of his making, are fathered upon him. But comparatively few people remember that he was a champion of causes once unpopular and apparently hopeless; that he was denounced by the supporters of oppression and iniquity; that he was for years an object of cruel calumny, and that for his courage and genius he was condemned for most of his days to live "on the north side of the wall." Such an experience is not unfrequent. It is not always the most solid elements of a man's work and character that most easily survive. Father Thomas Burke, the great Dominican preacher, even in the pages of his biography, appears as the jester and not as the orator; and Sydney Smith's reputation has suffered in the same way. He has retained his fame as a wit and a humorist, while his title to rank among the pioneers of social and political reform has been suffered to lapse and to fade. The occasion, therefore, seems a fit one for recalling some of the services which he rendered to his fellow-countrymen.

As regards his personal history a very few words will suffice. He was not born to luxury; he had his own way in the world to make. His father

had been wealthy, but he was a roaming and restless man, who so far recognized his duty towards his children as to relieve them of all the temptations that come with riches. And so it came about that the best years of Sydney Smith's life were spent in a poor Yorkshire parish, Foston-le-Clay, which till then had not known a resident clergyman for more than a century and a half; where he had to build himself a parsonage, and to furnish it, with the scantiest of resources. Then, twenty years later, promotion came in the shape of a prebendary's stall at Bristol, to which he was appointed, not by his own political friends, but by a Tory chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst, who had the wisdom to recognize and the courage to reward the devotion and the genius of one of the brightest ornaments of the English Church. The stall brought with it the living of Combe-Florey, near Taunton, and before long the Whig government, under the leadership of Earl Grey, conferred on him a canonry at St. Paul's. But prosperity, though it came at last, was slow in coming. Sydney Smith during his early and mature manhood, had known what it was to endure privation, had been harassed by anxiety, and at times had almost sunk under the burden and the strain. There is a passage in one of his own sermons—it rose to his lips during his last hours—which reveals the bitterness of the experience through which he had passed. "We talk of human life as a journey, but how variously is that journey performed! There are some who come forth girt, and shod, and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces, where every gale is arrested, and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet, and naked breast, jaded, mangled, and chilled." Struggle and adversity had been the lot of his earlier years, and he knew well that the "happy valleys" might have been his portion long before, if he had chosen to avoid "dan-

¹ Sydney Smith: born June 3rd, 1771; died February 22nd, 1845.

gerous" subjects, and to use his powers to amuse rather than to mend the world. But for a brave man silence was impossible. Abroad, the accumulated crimes of generations had avenged themselves in blood. At home, the whole sky was dark with signs of storm. England had to choose between reform and ruin; Sydney Smith had no small share in guiding the nation to a wise decision.

Like a wise man, the rector of Foston began the work of reform at home. General principles are excellent, but personal and particular application is more effectual. He practised what he preached. By the exercise of tact and good sense he succeeded in making friends among all classes. He conciliated the squire by not "smiting the partridge," and by taking a kindly interest in his kennels. To his poor parishioners his doors were always open; he had medicine for both soul and body. He became known as the doctor-parson. When called out to baptize a baby that was very ill, he comes back and says that he baptized it first and gave it a dose of castor-oil afterwards, so preparing it for either world. He sits on the Bench and administers justice, not with undue severity, making the best of bad laws; and if some youthful offender is brought before him, he calls out to his attendant, "John, bring me my private gallows;" an order which melts the culprit into a flood of tears, while he promises that if he escapes hanging this time he will never break the law again. He provided milk for the children, then as now one of the hardest things to obtain in country places. He also let out part of his glebe in allotment gardens to the laborers, and encouraged them to grow fruit and vegetables for themselves. Seventy years later this boon was still remembered, and Mr. Reid, when he visited the place, found "the gnarled branches of the old trees" in "Sydney's Orchards," as they are still called, "richly laden with pink and white blossoms."¹ In fact Sydney Smith

¹ The Life and Times of Sydney Smith, by Stuart

was not only the village parson; but the doctor, the magistrate, and the comforter as well. He was not merely the centre of civilization in the place; he was also the link that united class with class, so destroying one of the most fruitful causes of estrangement and suspicion. The system even as he handled it, may not represent the noblest type of social development. A despot, however benevolent, must be autocratic and may sometimes be hasty and obstinate. But in those days such an influence was invaluable, and could only make for good.

Efficient and energetic as Sydney Smith was in his own parish, he never forgot that he had larger duties outside. As one of the most powerful contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, which he had founded and for a short time edited, he could speak to the men who led the nation. Periodical literature has now become so plentiful that it is difficult adequately to appreciate its importance in the opening years of the century. Steam and electricity have transformed the conditions of life. Public opinion is shaped by the daily newspapers and not by quarterly reviews. And as taste has altered with the times, it has become the fashion to depreciate the merits of the earlier volumes of the *Edinburgh Review*; for we are all more or less apt to disparage both men and books that have done their work. But such criticism is essentially trivial; in sum and substance it practically amounts to this: that the *Edinburgh* articles were not written by the man of the moment for the whim of the hour. The review had a creed. It was based on social and political principles. It was practical in its efforts. It aimed at something definite and hit it. It was a rifle not a rocket.

Among the questions which then agitated the public mind, Roman Catholic Disabilities held the first place. Any suggestion of relief was fiercely resented. Even during the years in

J. Reid, to whose work I am largely indebted for the substance of this and the succeeding paragraphs.

which the power of Napoleon menaced British freedom, our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens were denied the privileges of equal citizenship. When Great Britain, in the crisis of the struggle, could not afford to sacrifice a single man, a Roman Catholic might not hold a commission in our army or our navy. While Ireland was seething with discontent, the Roman Catholic could not sit in either House of Parliament. The same tyranny pursued him in the ordinary details of life, and as Grattan declared in a famous sentence, "the law stood at his cradle, it stood by his bridal-bed, and it stood at his coffin." Such a policy was as repugnant to the instincts of common sense, as to the principles of religious toleration, and so long as the conflict lasted Sydney Smith took his share of the fighting. But in this instance, his most important contribution to the controversy appeared in a series of letters, and not in the pages of the review. Peter Plymley's "Letters to my Brother Abraham, who lives in the Country," put the case for the relief of Roman Catholics in the simplest form. They showed that such disabilities as the law then imposed were ineffectual as well as iniquitous. The Roman Catholic, it was alleged, was essentially disloyal, and paid no regard to oaths of allegiance and similar pledges. The retort was obvious. It was only the man whose respect for an oath would not suffer him to take it lightly that the existing test excluded from positions of authority and trust; the man who was ready to forswear himself escaped scot-free. Even a vicar, who from long residence upon his living had become "a kind of holy vegetable," could hardly fail to appreciate the force of the argument. But it was not with his pen alone that Smith entered the field. At more than one clerical meeting in Yorkshire, he faced a hostile audience of his brother clergy — on one occasion with his own curate among them — and almost unsupported pleaded his case before an assembly of violent partisans, only to find himself outvoted at the time and suspected afterwards.

Such grievances were serious indeed, but the social condition of the people involved even graver peril. The criminal code was steeped in barbarism. The law recognized two hundred and twenty-three offences punishable by death. In the year 1810, at one time, fifty-eight persons were lying in prison under a capital sentence. In a single year more than one hundred thousand persons were committed to gaol. The criminal administration was as scandalous as the criminal law. Convicted felons and men, women, and children, awaiting trial, were crowded together in the wards. Money would buy any indulgence; vice reigned supreme. Such a system, as Sydney Smith pointed out, maintained at the public expense a school in every county "for the encouragement of vice, and for providing a proper succession of house-breakers, profligates, and thieves." He urged that the various classes of prisoners should be properly discriminated; that matrons should be appointed to take charge of the women; that untried prisoners should not be ironed, and that they should not be set to the treadmill; in short, that an accused person should be treated as innocent till his guilt was proved; that the gaol should be made a house of correction and not a centre of corruption. He also pleaded that persons charged with felony should be allowed to employ counsel in their behalf, and that an unfortunate creature whose very life was at stake, should not be denied a privilege conceded to those brought to trial on some trivial charge.

He did not stop short here. It was obvious to any clear-sighted observer that crime was artificially fostered by the game-laws, and he attempted to remove some of the incitements to evil doing. To make a clean sweep of those laws, and to abolish property in game, was not in his mind. He would have been content with much less than this. He desired to put an end to some of the worst anomalies of the system as it then existed; to remove the restrictions which made it criminal to buy or to sell game, which prevented

a man from shooting on his own land, unless he possessed a certain property qualification ; to put down the man-traps and spring-guns which could not discriminate between the poacher and unoffending people. All he asked for was that a man should have "an absolute property on the game upon his land, with full power to kill, to permit others to kill, and to sell," and that game, "as an article of food, should be made accessible to all classes, without infringing the laws." But even this change, he foresaw, would go far towards emptying half the gaols in the kingdom, and would at the same time help to make the law respected and obeyed.

These were but portions of his work. There are others, some affecting a class, others the nation at large, which must pass unnoticed. He was one of the first to take up the cause of the wretched "climbing boys," the chimney-sweepers, who were treated with inhuman cruelty, and were not unfrequently suffocated or roasted in the flues which they were set to climb. As an advocate of Parliamentary Reform, if not in the first rank of leaders, he was one of those who stood next to them, helping to shape public opinion and to restrain popular excitement within the bounds of moderation. His famous speech at Taunton added a new figure to our national gallery, and "Dame Partington, trundling her mop and vigorously pushing away at the Atlantic," never fails to recur with each new crisis in our political affairs.

There is, no doubt, a certain measure of truth in the criticism that Sydney Smith, though remarkable for force and freshness, is rarely original and never profound in his thought. He does not seek after novelties ; he gives us no discoveries, no speculations. He deals in the main with truths familiar to us and to those for whom he wrote. But there is an infinite difference between the ways in which men approach truth. In the presence of some, it remains still and cold. It is full of majesty and loveliness ; but the loveliness is the loveliness of repose, and the majesty is

the majesty of death. There is neither voice nor motion. But another man comes, stretches himself upon the lifeless form ; breathes into it the fire of passion and the fervor of faith ; and the heart begins to stir, the eyes brighten, the color returns ; the truth that was dead lives and moves once more. This was the power that Sydney Smith possessed. He was not one of those who discover truth. His part was to make truth vital and effective.

From *The Leisure Hour*.

HAPPY QUOTATIONS IN PARLIAMENT.

To quote what has been said or written by others is a matter of common usage. The aptness or patness of such quotation is at once appreciated and approved, not only by critics but by every intelligent hearer or reader. In the pulpit the citation of a striking or appropriate text is always felt to be "telling," and something of a similar feeling occurs when in speech or book we meet with a familiar quotation. The subject is too large and wide for general treatment, so let us confine our attention to examples of happy quotation in the Houses of Parliament.

These may be divided into two sorts, popular and classical. Of popular quotations the most obvious and common are proverbial sayings, or homely proverbs. These are occasionally heard in the House of Commons from speakers of "the thin-edge-of-the-wedge" style of reasoning, but homely proverbs do not tell much in argument or in eloquence. We may hear that "half a loaf is better than no bread," or that "more haste is less speed," but too much of this uttering of wise saws would make any man as ridiculous as Sancho Panza himself. What is said may be very true, but is felt to be out of place in the speeches of the House.

Very different is the case with classical quotations. On one occasion Dr. Johnson met Mr. Wilkes at dinner, when the subject of quotation came up. Wilkes said he thought quoting was rather pedantic. "No, sir," was

Johnson's immediate reply. "No, sir, it is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it. Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world." It is true that the literary character of the Houses of Parliament has changed greatly from the days of Johnson, and the great debates of the times of Walpole and Pulteney, Fox and Pitt, or even since Mr. Gladstone first entered into public life. In our own days classical quotation has sadly fallen, and the high classical culture of scholars and gentlemen, so far from being a recommendation for success in the House, would be a hindrance rather than otherwise. The memory of old times is still fresh, however, and the reader of history and biography finds delight in records and anecdotes such as seldom are seen in the modern newspaper reports of Parliamentary proceedings. Let us recall a few examples, not in order, but as they occur to memory.

Lord North, an easy-going man of the world, used often to sit in the House asleep, or appearing to sleep. On one occasion, when Colonel Barré brought forward a motion on the navy, Lord North said to a friend at his side, "We are going to have a long, tedious speech, from the very beginning, not omitting Drake and the Spanish Armada. Let me sleep, and waken me when he comes near our own times." His friend at length gave him a nudge. "Where are we?" said North. "At the battle of La Hogue, my lord." "Oh, my friend, you have woke me a century too soon," was the reply, and he turned off again. But Lord North had once a more effective awakening. A speaker, in describing the state of the navy, said that "in the midst of these perils, the noble lord is asleep. *Even Palinurus nodded at the helm!*" The loud cheers and laughter caused by the happy quotation from Pope's "Dunciad" roused Lord North from his slumber.

Mr. Burke was declaiming once on the reckless extravagance of the ministry, and quoted the saying, *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*, making a false

quantity, *vectigal*. Lord North, who seemed asleep, had heard the blunder, and in loud, clear voice merely said *vectigal*. Thanking the noble lord for the correction, Burke said it gave him the opportunity of repeating the maxim, the enforcing of which was so much needed — *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*.

Sometimes a quotation has been made occasion of a wager, as when a member gave notice that he should charge Sir Robert Walpole with corruption. Walpole listened with dignity, and said that he would be present when the charge was brought, for he was not conscious of any crime deserving censure. He put his hand on his breast, and said, *Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa*. Pulteney immediately rose, and remarked that Walpole's defence would prove as weak as his quotation was inaccurate, for Horace had written *nulla pallescere culpa*. Walpole defended his quotation, and Pulteney offered a wager of a guinea that he was right. The dispute was referred to Nicholas Hardinge, clerk of the House, a distinguished scholar, who decided that Walpole was wrong. The guinea was thrown to Pulteney, who caught it, and holding it up, said it was the only honest money that had come from the Treasury for many years! This guinea was deposited in the British Museum, accompanied by a full description of the incident in the handwriting of Pulteney. There is a recent order of the trustees of the museum that a selection of coins from the Medal Rooms should be exhibited to the public in open cases. Let us hope that this guinea, lost by Walpole for a false quotation, may be exhibited to the world. It will show to the young the use of knowing Latin, and of quoting it accurately, as was said in Mr. Pulteney's manuscript.

Coming down to later times, for we have space only for a few examples. No one ever excelled Lord Derby in happy quotations. In his well-known poem, "The New Timon," Lord Lytton, with his admirable sketches of men and events in the House, while he calls

Stanley the "Rupert of Debate" —
"frank, haughty, rash," says : —

Nor gout nor toll his freshness can destroy,
And time still leaves all Eton in the boy.

Was there ever a more effective quotation than when Mr. Stanley, in his denouncing the government for its dependence on O'Connell and his tail, quoted, amidst the cheers of the House, nearly twenty lines of Shakespeare ? —

But shall it be, that you, — that set the crown

Upon the head of this forgetful man ;
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation, — shall it be
That you a world of curses undergo ;
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman
rather ? —

O'Connell sat abashed, and his side of the House silent, while Stanley continued to quote, amidst redoubled cheers, till he came to the end : —

And shall it in more shame, be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off

By him, for whom these shames ye underwent ?

Some of O'Connell's own quotations were happy, as when he ridiculed the smallness of Lord Stanley's personal followers : —

Then down thy hill, romantic Ashbourne,
glides
The Derby dilly, carrying six insides.

Much laughter also arose when O'Connell described three notable members of the House by making a parody of the famous epigram : —

Three colonels, in three distant counties
born,
Lincoln, Armagh, and Sligo did adorn,
The first in matchless impudence surpassed,
The next in bigotry — in both the last ;
The force of Nature could no further go,
To beard the third, she shaved the other
two.

This was rather a personal attack, and was amusing only from the readiness and appropriateness of the parody.

D'Israeli's own quotations were numerous and effective. In his series

of annoying speeches against Sir Robert Peel, the sharpest hit was that in which he threw back the reference to preferring an open foe to a candid friend. Peel had quoted the lines : —

Give me the avowed, erect, and manly foe,
Firm I can meet, perhaps can turn the
blow ;

But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath
can send,

Save me, O save me, from a candid friend.

The lines were by Canning, and with bitter sarcasm D'Israeli, a few nights afterwards, after a eulogy of the departed statesman, spoke of Peel's "ready memory and his courageous conscience" in thus recalling the words of one whom he had once loved but afterwards betrayed : —

Save me, O save me, from a candid friend.

Sir Robert Peel, on one occasion rising to speak, saw Lord Palmerston asleep, and pointing across to him, in one moment roused the laughter of the House by quoting the well-known line from Horace : —

Hanc veniam damus petimusque vicissim.

Mr. D'Israeli did not always keep to quotation, but preferred using phrases which themselves became familiar as proverbs, and were more telling in his speeches. Such were the hits against the opposing occupants of the Treasury bench as "a range of exhausted volcanoes," or his describing their measures as "plundering and blundering," while their policy was "a policy of confiscation."

A quotation, if incomplete or separated from the context, may be turned against the quoter. An instance of this was when Canning, in a defence of the "rotten boroughs" in days before the Reform Bill, urged that the system of nomination boroughs belonged to the British Constitution, and had

Grown with its growth and strengthened
with its strength.

Sir Francis Burdett, in his reply, took up the quotation, and said that the honorable gentleman had forgotten to quote the first line of the distich : —

The young disease, which must subdue at length,
Grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength.

Canning admitted the correction, and acknowledged that the retort was a happy and just one.

Another correction of a quotation is of older date. The attorney-general in Lord North's time spoke against what he called "dangerous innovations," saying it was better to endure the ills of which we know the extent, than fly to others that we know not of. Wedderburn rose instantly and began his speech by continuing Hamlet's soliloquy:—

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Certainly a happy reply to the quotation.

Our space is exhausted, and with these few specimens we must leave the subject of happy quotations in Parliament. There are in our day many volumes of classical extracts, and books of "familiar quotations," by aid of which speakers and writers may quote, with very little knowledge of the originals. It may also be remarked that, though ancient quotations are now seldom heard, there are occasions when a passage from our own English classics may be effectively used. We have heard lines and sentences, *verba et voces*, from Gray and Goldsmith, Cowper and Byron, Wordsworth and Tennyson, quoted and applauded as much as the older words of Virgil, Milton, and Shakespeare which delighted our forefathers in former times. J. M.

A VEGETABLE PYTHON. — Woe betide the forest giant when he falls into the clutches of the clusia or fig. Its seeds being provided with a pulp, which is very pleasant to the taste of a great number of birds, are carried from tree to tree and deposited on the branches. Here it germinates, the leafy stem rising upward and the roots flowing, as it were, down the trunk until they reach the soil. At first these aerial roots are soft and delicate, with apparently no more power for evil than so many small streams of pitch, which they resemble in their slowly flowing motion downward. Here and there they branch, especially if an obstruction is met with, when the stream either changes its course or divides to right and left. Meanwhile leafy branches have been developed, which push themselves through the canopy above and get into the light, where their growth is enormously accelerated. As this takes place the roots have generally reached the ground and begun to draw sustenance from below to strengthen the whole plant. Then comes a wonderful development. The hitherto soft aerial roots begin to harden and spread wider and wider, throw-

ing out side branches which flow into and amalgamate with each other until the whole tree trunk is bound in a series of irregular living hoops. The strangler is now ready for its deadly work. The forest giant, like all exogens, must have room to increase in girth, and here he is bound by cords which are stronger than iron bands. Like an athlete, he tries to expand and burst his fetters, and if they were rigid he might succeed. . . . The bark bulges between every interlacing—bulges out, and even tries to overlap; but the monster has taken every precaution against this by making its bands very numerous and wide. . . . As the tree becomes weaker its leaves begin to fall, and this gives more room for its foe. Soon the strangler expands itself into a great bush almost as large as the mass of branches and foliage it has effaced. . . . If we look carefully around us we see examples of entire obliteration—a clusia, or fig, standing on its reticulated hollow pillar, with only a heap of brown humus at its base to show what has become of the trunk which once stood up in all its majesty on that spot.

James Rodway, in the "Guiana Forest."

